
THE FIRST FRIEND

An anthology of the
Friendship of Man and Dog

LUCY MENZIES



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AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE
FRIENDSHIP OF MAN AND DOG

COMPILED FROM THE LITERATURE OF ALL AGES
1400 B.C.—1921 A.D.

BY

LUCY MENZIES

And the Woman said: "His name is not Wild
Dog any more, but the First Friend, because he will
be our friend for always and always and always."

RUDYARD KIPLING

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Soon after the Creation a chasm broke open across the earth. Man was left on one side of it, the animal world on the other. The animals seemed undisturbed by this separation from Man—all except the dog. He whined and ran up and down, seeking a way across. At last Man saw him and noticed the pleading look in his eyes.

“Come!” he cried.

The dog sprang, but the chasm was too wide for him. He reached the opposite side only with his front paws, and hung there struggling vainly to get up.

Then Man put out his hand and pulled the dog up to safety beside him.

“You shall be my comrade for ever and ever,” he said.

Old Legend

TO
DANNY

PREFACE

THIS Anthology seeks to show the close bond which has existed between man and dog from the earliest times. It is not a collection of dog-stories, rather a demonstration of how man and dog have been mutually helpful and faithful to each other throughout the ages.

The ancient origin of this friendship is not generally realized. The wild dog—whose heredity is still a matter of conjecture—finding that the habits and the food of man appealed to his own desires, naturally followed the hunter in the hope that he might share the spoil. Man, on his part, soon discovered the useful scenting qualities of the dog, as well as his skill in guarding and guiding flocks. But although valued at first only for his usefulness, the dog soon found a place in the heart of his master.

The Aryan races were dog-lovers. They believed the dog to be the companion and guardian of the soul when it left this earth on its journey to heavenly regions. And so a dog was always taken to the couch of a dying man, that he might be comforted by the thought of his companion on the great adventure.

As early as 1400 B.C., the *Vendidad*, the sacred book of Persia, had a set of laws regulating the punishment of those who ill-treated a dog—a much more heinous offence in those days than

killing a man. And in the *Maha-Bharata*, an Epic poem of ancient India dating from the sixth century B.C., the hero refuses the offer of Indra, the God of the Sky, to take him direct to Paradise if he may not take his dog with him. But Indra is only testing him—

Because thou didst not mount
This car divine, lest thy poor hound be shent
Who looked to thee, lo ! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, King !

And just as the fidelity of man to dog has been great throughout the ages, so also has the fidelity of dog to man—"the interdependence of both, living things of like passions, fellow-helpers, the advancement of the one having kept pace with the advancement of the other, right up from the days when in pre-historic times and the Neolithic Age, as is shown by the bones that are found, the dog shared the home of man and partook of his food—right up from the days when the Egyptians, though they dubbed him unclean, worshipped this animal and, because of his fidelity and courage, gave him a place as one of three who were to share with them the joys of Paradise. . . . The lives of the Man and the Dog are found to be ever intertwined." ¹

Everyone grants the truth of the saying *Know me, Know my dog*. But is it not perhaps as true if we turn it the other way, *Know my dog, Know*

¹ Major Gambier-Parry, *Murphy*.

me? "If dogs have lived with people of pluck and courage," says Colonel Richardson in his book on *British War Dogs*, "they will exhibit these qualities." And so it is not unprofitable to meet the dogs of great men, nor to study the attitude of philosophers, writers, explorers and other Olympians to their dogs.

Cicero praises his fidelity and affection; Plato tells us he is a true philosopher; Horace Walpole cannot think that two additional legs are any drawback to such wonderful recommendations as sense and fidelity; George Eliot advises a young lady that "a dog is a better friend than any Christian"; Burns assures us that in his devotion to man, his god, the dog put the Christian to shame. (Dr John Brown declared Burns was not original in claiming that Man was the god of the Dog, that he had taken the idea from Bacon's *Essay on Atheisme*. That is possible, but it is an idea that might easily occur to different minds.)

We find our great men testifying not only to the faithfulness and devotion of their dogs, but crediting them with a spark of the divine. Sir F. H. Doyle wrote this Epitaph for his dog:

Not hopeless round this calm sepulchral spot,
A wreath presaging life we twine,
If God be love, what sleeps below was not
Without a spark divine.

Many of the Olympians have gone even further than that; they have clung to the hope that

they would meet their dogs again. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, says of the Indian :

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Pope probably held that belief about his own dog-friends. At least we are inclined to think so from the story of his once claiming that animals had reasoning powers. The friend to whom he was speaking, said, " But then they must have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours ? " " And what harm," Pope rejoined, " would that be to us ? "

Swinburne wrote at his dog's grave :

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise
 high
Such life as this among us never came
 To die.

Southey, too, mourning a favourite spaniel, concludes :

There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one !

In our own day, Vernède, writing of his English sheep-dog, ends a delightful poem with the words :

Lord ! there'll be deaf angels when we meet,
And you leap up and bark !

The angels have been deafened already, alas ! for Vernède was killed in action in April 1917.

Perhaps the finest of all the passages on this theme is that in Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, where the poet addresses his dog :

No ! when thy love by death shall be o'erthrown
It will revive and in some heaven unknown . . .
We shall love on as we were wont to love
Instinct and soul is one to him above !
Where friendship sheds o'er love its honoured name
Where nature lights a pure and hallowed flame
God will no more extinguish his soft light
That shines not brighter in the stars of night
Than in the faithful spaniel's anxious eye.

That is one side of the picture. But the dog, like his master, has his failings. Often of a wayward and playful nature, these call for blushes rather than for anger. Sir Walter Scott, among hundreds of less famous masters, experienced that awkward moment when the master of the dog has to face the mistress of the cat suddenly shaken out of this life. Sir William Watson, in an epitaph on his own dog, seems to think this dislike of cats is only feigned :

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes
—Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at Fate.

It was Addison who said that the dog had been the companion of man for many thousands of years and had only learned one of his vices, to worry his species when he found him in trouble.

"Tie a saucepan to a dog's tail and another dog will fall upon him," said Addison; "put a man in prison for debt and another will lodge a detainer against him." That may be so. At any rate we may grant it, for it leaves dog and man on an even footing.

But of the great faults which waylay human beings, the dog is singularly free. No dog can be made to turn traitor to his master. No dog nature can entertain the petty meannesses which sometimes disfigures humanity—and to what heights of sacrifice it can rise! So great an authority as the Superintendent of the Zoological Society's Gardens in London believes the dog to be the only animal that has a really disinterested affection for man. Charles Darwin quoted a saying to much the same effect—"A dog is the only thing on this earth that luv's you more than he luv's himself."

Leaving these heights and coming down to the actual physical help that dog can render man, we find he still helps the shepherd, as he did at the beginning of the friendship.

In Polar exploration no account of the help of dog to man is more fair to both sides than that of Captain Scott. Though he and his companions cheerily risked their own lives, Scott was horrified when he found that the weaker animals had to be sacrificed to circumstance and that finally none of the dogs could be saved. "We knew well," he writes, "that they had served

their end, that they had carried us much farther than we could have got by our own exertions ; but we all felt that we would never willingly face a repetition of such incidents, and when, in the following year, I stepped forth in my own harness, one of a party which was dependent on human labour alone, it would not be easy adequately to convey the sense of relief which I felt in the knowledge that there could be no recurrence of the horrors of the previous season." This evidence of Captain Scott's anxiety for the lives of his dogs is peculiarly moving in view of the fact that he lost his own life on the subsequent expedition—having first sent his dogs back to safety.

As to the use of dogs in warfare, they seem to have been so employed since Cambyzes, King of Persia, used them in his campaign in Egypt in 525 B.C.

But the dog speaks for himself throughout these pages, when his master is not speaking for him, and we may safely leave them to extol each other.

There is one last comforting reflection which comes to everyone fortunate enough to possess a dog. Your dog believes in you more than you believe in yourself. Whatever the world may think of you, to one faithful friend you are the wisest and most splendid of beings. Should the public fail to see the good things in your book, should your friends be sought after and promoted

while you are forgotten, still to your dog you are as wise as Socrates, as mighty as Napoleon. Above all, you are to be worshipped as the best of men.

If encouragement and belief in one's powers are a help in moments of despondency—and who will say they are not?—no fortunate owner of a dog need ever be without them.

L. M.

St Andrews

July 1922

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THE PARTNERSHIP

MAN, no doubt, first bound or bred the dog to his service and companionship for purely utilitarian reasons; but we of to-day, by immemorial tradition and a sentiment that has become almost as inherent in us as the sentiment towards children, give him a place in our lives utterly different from that which we accord to any other animal (not even excepting cats); a place that he has won for himself throughout the ages, and that he ever increasingly deserves. He is by far the nearest thing to man on the face of the earth; the one link that we have spiritually with the animal creation; the one dumb creature into whose eyes we can look and tell pretty well for certain what emotion, even what thought, is at work within; the one dumb creature which—not as a rare exception, but almost always—steadily feels the sentiments of love and trust. This special nature of the dog is our own handiwork, a thing instilled into him through thousands of years of intimacy, care, and mutual service, deliberately and ever more carefully fostered; extraordinarily precious even to those of us who profess to be without sentiment. It is one of the prime factors of our daily lives in all classes of society—this mute partnership with dogs. . . . There are innumerable people in all ranks of the civilized world who would echo the words I heard

last night: "If I were condemned to spend twenty-four hours alone with a single creature, I would choose to spend them with my dog." Granting that most people would make two or three human exceptions, the saying expresses a true feeling. There is a quiet comfort in the companionship of a dog, with its ever-ready touching humility; which human companionship, save of the nearest, does not bring; and I assert that this boon to mankind—of dog's companionship—does raise the dog on to the peculiar plane of ethical consideration which we apply to ourselves. . . .

JOHN GALSWORTHY
A Sheaf
(Heinemann)

I

THE ANCIENT WORLD

Such fidelity of dogs in protecting what is committed to their charge, such affectionate attachment to their masters, such jealousy of strangers, such incredible acuteness of nose in following a track, such keenness in hunting—what else do they evince but that these animals were created for the use of man?

CICERO

The Origin of Dog-Worship in Egypt

THE Egyptians saw in the horizon a superb star, which appeared always at the exact time when the overflowing of the Nile began, and they called this star Sirius. "Sirius is a god; the dog renders us a service; it is a god," they said. And so the dog came to be regarded as the god of the river, which the people represented with a man's body, but a dog's head. This river god was also given a genealogy, bearing the name Anubis, son of Osiris; its image was placed at the entrance of the temple of Isis and Osiris, and ultimately at the gates of all the temples in Egypt. . . .

The dog being the symbol of vigilance, it was thus intended to warn princes of their constant duty to watch over the welfare of their people. The dog was worshipped chiefly at Hermopolis the Great, but ultimately in all the towns of Egypt. Juvenal writes, "Whole cities worship the dog; not one Diana." At a subsequent period Cynopolis, the *City of the Dog*, was built in honour of the dog, and there the priests celebrated its festivals in great splendour.

ELZÉAR BLAZE
Histoire du Chien
(Paris, 1843)

The Dogs of Ancient Egypt

WITHIN the recollection of all past middle age, dogs were kept tied to kennels by heavy chains, seldom allowed in the house, fed at uncertain hours and taken out at hours still more uncertain—if at all. . . . We have come out of all that now, and rather plume ourselves upon the fact. We have altered our opinions respecting the proper place and surroundings of our dogs here; and many of us are not ashamed to confess that we hold opinions staunchly regarding their place and surroundings hereafter. . . . Yet let us not forget the fact that others, in the past, have gone before us, and far ahead of us, on this same track, of which we often speak with so much unction. In ancient Egypt dogs had names, and these are found inscribed in many places. They were the favourites of the home, and constantly made much of. They wore collars too, and often by no means cheap ones. . . . And if, in many cases, they were small and insignificant, with short legs like the Dachs, or perhaps the Aberdeen, implicit trust was placed in their fidelity as guardians of the home and family. Of course there were bigger fellows to fulfil the heavier duties, like the huge Katmir, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, whom God allowed to speak once and to answer for himself and others for all time. "I love those," he said, "who are dear unto God: go to sleep therefore, and I will guard you."

. . . Then, too, there was Anubis, who was given a dog's head and a man's body : he was worshipped as a deity and the genius of the Nile, who had ordered the rising of the great river at the proper season from the beginning of the world, and whose doings in this way were marked by the coming of the Dog-star, with seventy times more power than the sun. . . .

An animal such as the dog, even if dumb, which in justice he could scarcely be thought, was thus judged entitled to a consideration never vouchsafed to others, and duly received it therefore at all times, in this enlightened land. And not only in the fleeting years of his existence, but equally when he lay down under the common hand of death. The dog, in those forgotten days, received embalmment, just as his master and mistress, and was then carried with some solemnity to the burial-ground that was set apart for dogs in every town. And when the last good-bye had been said, the family to which he had belonged returned again to their house, and put on mourning for their friend and faithful guardian, shaving their heads and abstaining for a time from food. So was it with dogs all those thousands of years ago. We have not come so very far since then.

GAMBIER-PARRY
Murphy
(John Murray)

A Pack of Fox-Hounds in Pharaoh's Time

IN Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Egyptians*, there is a representation of as "varmint" a pack of fox-hounds as modern eye could wish to see. It is copied from a painting found in the interior of the tomb of the Pharaoh under whom Joseph served. Every individual hound is characteristic of the present breed, with all their courage and animation.

G. R. JESSE

The Veneration of the Dog in Ancient Persia

The sacred book of Persia, the *Zendavesta*,¹ is, like our own Bible, a collection of books written in different ages. Zoroaster or Zarathustra, the founder of the old Persian religion, lived probably about 1400 B.C., and the sacred books which were used by his followers claim to preserve his teaching. The *Vendidad*, one of the books of this collection, is a book of laws, and we find from it that the dog occupied a high place in ancient Persia : it was, for instance, "safer to kill a man than to give bad food to a shepherd's dog, for the manslayer gets off with ninety stripes, whereas the bad master . . . will receive two hundred stripes." In the following

¹ *Avesta* means knowledge and *Zend* stands for the commentary afterwards added to the original.

extracts, Ahura, the god of agriculturists, is explaining the virtues of the dog and his fidelity to man.

THE dog, O Spitama Zarathustra ! I, Ahura Mazda, have made self-clothed and self-shod, watchful, wakeful and sharp-toothed, born to take his food from man and to watch over man's goods. I, Ahura Mazda, have made the dog strong of body against the evil-doer, and watchful over your goods when he is of sound mind.

And whosoever shall awake at his voice, neither shall the thief nor the wolf steal anything from his house, without his being warned ; the wolf shall be snitten and torn in pieces ; he is driven away, he flees away.

A dog has the characters of eight different sorts of people :

He has the character of a priest,
He has the character of a warrior,
He has the character of a husbandman,
He has the character of a strolling-singer,
He has the character of a thief,
He has the character of a wild beast,
He has the character of a courtezan,
He has the character of a child.

He eats broken food like a priest ; he is grateful . . . he is easily satisfied . . . he wants only a small piece of bread . . . in these things he is like unto a priest.

He marches in front like a warrior; he fights for the beneficent cow . . . he goes first out of the house . . . in these things he is like unto a warrior.

He is watchful and sleeps lightly, like a husbandman; he goes first out of the house . . . he returns last into the house . . . in these things he is like unto a husbandman.

He sings like a strolling singer; he is intrusive . . . he is meagre . . . he is poor, in these things he is like unto a strolling singer.

He likes darkness, like a thief; he prowls about in darkness . . . he is a shameless eater . . . he is an unfaithful keeper . . . in these things he is like unto a thief.

He likes darkness like a wild beast; he prowls about in darkness . . . he is a shameless eater . . . he is an unfaithful keeper . . . in these things he is like unto a wild beast.

He sings like a courtesan; he is intrusive . . . he walks about the roads . . . he is meagre . . . he is poor . . . in these things he is like unto a courtesan.

He likes sleeping like a child; he is apt to run away . . . he is full of tongue . . . he goes on all fours . . . in these things he is like unto a child.

If those two dogs of mine, the shepherd's dog and the house dog, pass by the house of any of my faithful people, let them never be kept away from it. For no house could subsist on the earth

made by Ahura, but for these two dogs of mine, the shepherd's dog and the house dog.

VENDIDAD, XIII. vi.-ix.
Sacred Books of the East
(Milford)

Man's Fidelity to the Dog

The Maha-Bharata is an ancient Sanscrit poetical treasury, dealing mainly with the story of a war of the Bharatas which took place before the sixth century B.C. But the story was added to and embellished with ancient laws, customs, and philosophies "till it became an encyclopædia of the life and knowledge of ancient India." In the extract which follows (quoted from the translation of Sir Edwin Arnold) the hero is journeying to Paradise. His wife and his brothers have died on the way and he is going on alone, followed only by his dog. Indra, the god of the sky, appears to him and offers to carry him right up to Paradise in his chariot. The hero, Yudhishtira, addresses Indra:

"O THOUSAND-EYED! O Lord of all the gods,

Give that my brothers come with me who fell,
Not without them is Swarga (Paradise) sweet
to me.

She, too, the dear and kind and queenly—she
Whose perfect virtue Paradise must crown—
Grant her to come with us! Dost thou grant
this?"

The God replied : “ In heaven thou shalt see
Thy kinsmen and thy queen—these will attain—
And Krishna. Grieve no longer for thy dead,
Thou chief of men ! their mortal covering stripped,
They have their places ; but to thee the gods
Allot an unknown grace : thou shalt go up
Living and in thy form, to the immortal homes.”

But the king answered : “ O thou Wisest One,
Who know'st what was and is and is to be,
Still one more grace ! This hound hath ate with
me,
Followed me, loved me : must I leave him
now ? ”

“ Monarch,” spake Indra, “ thou art now as we,
Deathless, divine : thou art become a god ;
Glory and power and gifts celestial
And all the joys of heaven are thine for aye :
What hath a beast with these ? Leave here thy
hound ! ”

Yet Yudhishtira answered, “ O Most High,
O Thousand-eyed and Wisest. Can it be
That one exalted should seem pitiless ?
Nay, let me lose such glory : for its sake
I would not leave one living thing I loved.”

Then sternly Indra spake, “ He is unclean
And into Swarga such shall enter not.
Bethink thee, Dharmaraj ! quit now this beast
That which is seemly is not hard of heart.”

Still he replied : " 'Tis written that to spurn
A suppliant equals in offence to slay
A twice-born ; wherefore not for Swarga's bliss
Quit I, Mahendra ! this poor clinging dog—
So without any hope or friend save me,
So wistful fawning for my faithfulness,
So agonized to die, unless I help,
Who among men was called steadfast and just."

Quoth Indra, " Nay ! the altar-flame is foul
Where a dog passeth ; angry angels sweep
The ascending smoke aside and all the fruits
Of offering, and the merit of the prayer
Of him whom a hound toucheth. Leave it here.
He that will enter heaven must enter pure.
Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way,
And Krishna, and the dear-loved Draupadi,
Attaining firm and glorious to this Mount
Through perfect deeds, to linger for a brute ?
Hath Yudhishthira vanquished self, to melt
With one poor passion at the door of bliss ?
Stay'st thou for this, who did'st not stay for them—
Draupadi, Bhima ? "

But the king yet spake—
" 'Tis known that none can hurt or help the dead.
They, the delightful ones who sank and died
Following my footsteps, could not live again
Though I had turned—therefore I did not turn ;
But could help profit, I had turned to help.
There be four sins, O Sakra, grievous sins :

The first is making suppliants despair,
The second is to slay a nursing wife,
The third is spoiling Brahmans' goods by force,
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.
These four I deem but equal to one sin,
If one, in coming forth from woe to weal,
Abandon any meanest comrade then."

Straight as he spake, brightly great Indra smiled ;
Vanished the hound and in its stead stood there
The Lord of Death and Justice, Dharma's self !
Sweet were the words which fell from those dread
lips,

Precious the lovely praise : " O thou true King !
Thou that dost bring to harvest the good seed
Of Pandu's righteousness ; thou that hast ruth
As he before, on all which lives ! O Son
I tried thee in the Dwaita wood, what time
They smote thy brothers, bringing water ; then
Thou prayed'st for Nakula's life—tender and just—
Hear thou my word ! Because thou did'st not
mount

This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent
Who looked to thee, lo ! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, King !—Bharata's son,
Enter thou now to the eternal joys,
Living and in thy form. Justice and Love
Welcome thee, Monarch ! Thou shalt throne
with them ! "

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
Indian Idylls (1883)
(Trübner & Co.)

Dogs in Scriptural Times

IT is strange, considering how highly the Egyptians prized their dogs, that in the Old Testament they are only mentioned with aversion, even abhorrence. But the Hebrews were not animal-lovers : they regarded all animals who did not chew the cud as unclean. That is one reason why we meet with no dogs of noble type in the Bible. And when we think of the Pariah dogs, the amateur scavengers of the East, we see another explanation of the contemptuous attitude of Scriptural writers to the dog, for the unfortunate Pariah dogs probably occupy the same position to-day as their progenitors did in Scriptural times. "Lean and hungry, outcast and wretched, packs of dogs haunt the streets of Eastern cities playing scavenger and devouring offal as they did thousands of years since, when the wicked Queen was cast down and 'dogs licked the blood of Jezebel.'" Pariah dogs have no home, they are not attached to any human being, and the sleek European dog, secure of his place in the heart and home of his master, looks at him with disdain.

The Israelite kings were not huntsmen as the Assyrian kings were : they did not require dogs for the chase, but only as watchdogs to guard their dwelling-places and their herds. Dogs in that land seem never to have been raised to the status of first friend, Might this perhaps be

accounted for by the oppression the Israelites suffered at the hands of the Egyptians during their sojourn in Egypt? The Egyptians worshipped the dog, and the contrariness of human nature is perhaps sufficient to explain why the Israelites, for that very reason, abhorred it. And, of course, the Israelites found the dog taboo in Egypt, belonging to a deity, and therefore not to be defiled by the touch of ordinary mortals, far less by Israelite slaves.

At any rate, and for whatever reason it may have been, mention of the dog in the Bible is only made when something is to be compared to the lowest form of life—"Am I a dog?"—is the protest of the Jew when he thinks himself unfairly used. There are only two references to dogs in the Old Testament which may bear a kindlier interpretation. The first is to that nameless dog who went with Tobit on his pilgrimage, and is mentioned, without enthusiasm certainly, but also without contempt. The second is to "an idol of the Anites, mentioned under the name of *Nibhaz*, which the Hebrew commentators interpret as *barker*, and they assert that this idol was made in the form of a dog" (2 Kings xvii. 31).

But it is interesting that Caleb, whose name means *Dog of God*, was renowned for his faithfulness, all the more that the Jews used to name people after their mental characteristics. We can hardly regard this as pure coincidence.

"The inhabitants of Granada," wrote a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Nov. 1895), "are careful to call their dogs Melampo, Cubilon, or Lubina, as these are said to have been the names of the three who accompanied their shepherd masters to look on the Holy Babe at Bethlehem, and dogs so-called are said never to go mad. A beautiful old Eastern legend tells how our Blessed Lord and His disciples one day approached the dead body of a dog. All others were loud in abhorrence and loathing of the unclean beast, when the voice of the Master fell on their ears—

"Pearls are not whiter than his teeth."

It is probable that by the time of Christ there was sympathy between men and dogs in Palestine. Some words in the Gospel of St Mark (vii. 28), *Even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs*—show that they had at least won their way into the households of their owners.

L. M.

Dogs in Islam

THE Mahometan Creed admits two dogs into Paradise¹—the dog of Tobit, and Katmir, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, whose supposed descendants are greatly prized by the wandering

¹ Balaam's ass, and the camel that carried Mahomet when he fled from Mecca, were the only other animals admitted to the Moslem paradise.

tribes of Central Asia, though they probably do not equal their great ancestor in size—his stature being that of a donkey and his profession that of a collie. “He would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers,” is an Arabian way of describing a specially stingy person. “I love those who are dear unto God; go and sleep therefore, and I will guard you,” Katmir is alleged to have said to the sleepers in the Mahometan version of the legend, speech being divinely given him for the occasion. His name, written on a scrap of paper, is still used among the Arabs as a charm against the dangers of travelling.

Gentleman's Magazine
November 1895
(Chatto & Windus)

A Mahometan Legend

(A woman is being led along the hot, dusty street to the place of her execution.)

HIGH noon it was, and the hot Khamseen's
breath

Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.
The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down
With lolling tongues; the camels moaned; a
crowd

Pressed with their pitchers, wrangling high and
loud

About the tank; and one dog by a well.

Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and
fell

Glaring upon the water out of reach,
And praying succour in a silent speech,
So piteous were its eyes. Which, when she
saw,

This woman from her foot her shoe did draw
Albeit death-sorrowful ; and looping up
The long silk of her girdle, made a cap
Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink
Until it touched the cool black water's brink ;
So filled th'embroidered shoe, and gave a draught
To the spent beast, which whined and fawned
and quaffed

Her kind gift to the dregs ; next licked her hand
With such glad looks that all might understand
He held his life from her ; then at her feet
He followed close all down the cruel street,
Her one friend in that city.

But the King,

Riding within his litter, marked the thing,
And how the woman on her way to die,
Had such compassion for the misery
Of that parched hound : " Take off her chain
and place

The veil once more above the sinner's face,
And lead her to her house in peace ! " he said.
" The law is that the people stone thee dead,
For that which thou hast wrought ; but there is
come

Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,

Not heard upon thy trial ; this brute beast
Testifies for thee, sister ! whose weak breast
Death could not make ungente. I hold rule
In Allah's stead, who is the Merciful,
And hope for Mercy ; therefore go thou free—
I dare not show less pity unto thee."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
Pearls of the Faith
(Trübner & Co.)

The Dogs of Ancient Greece and Rome

IT is most certain that Hunting was the exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for War ; and their Exploits against wild beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon says that almost all the ancient Heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, etc., were Disciples of Hunting ; being taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great Captains were first taught to contest with the swiftest wild Beasts, in Speed ; with the boldest, in Strength ; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated

Triumphs. Neither were there wanting Poets to do justice to this heroick Exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid ; as appears by this verse—

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. . . . We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses ; and what he says of Dogs relates wholly to Greyhounds and Mastiffs—

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. He has it is true touched upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th Books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much altered and improved in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds, and therefore they must have passed for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of Acteon, is of all Sorts of

Dogs, and of all Countries. And the description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the Sepulchre of Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use. . . .

Whenever the Ancients mention Dogs following by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. Oppian has a long description of these Dogs in his first Book. . . . He also observes that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain ; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skilled in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. . . .

The Ancients esteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art, wise Men, and well skilled in Human Nature.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE
(1675-1742)

Epitaph on a Favourite Dog

THOU who passest on the path ; if haply
thou dost mark this monument, laugh not
I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave ; tears
fell for me and the dust was heaped above me
by a master's hands who likewise engraved these
words on my tomb.

J. W. MACKAIL
Greek Anthology
(Longmans)

Odysseus and his Dog Argos

(Odysseus, after his wanderings, comes back to his home. He speaks to the swineherd, Eumæus, who does not recognize his master.)

THUS they spake one to the other. And lo,
a hound raised up his head and pricked
his ears, even where he lay, Argos, the hound of
Odysseus, of the hardy heart, which of old himself
had bred, but had got no joy of him, for ere that,
he went to sacred Ilios. Now in time past the
young men used to lead the hound against wild
goats and deer and hares ; but as then, despised
he lay (his master being afar) in the deep dung
of mules and kine, whereof an ample bed was
spread before the doors, till the thralls of Odysseus
should carry it away to dung therewith his wide
demesne. There lay the dog Argos, full of vermin.
Yet even now when he was aware of Odysseus

standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumaeus, and straightway he asked him saying :

“ Eumaeus, verily this is a great marvel, this hound lying here in the dung. Truly he is goodly of growth, but I know not certainly if he have speed with this beauty, or if he be comely only, like as are men’s trencher dogs that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye.”

Then didst thou make answer, swineherd Eumaeus : “ In very truth this is the dog of a man that has died in a far land. If he were what once he was in limb and in the feats of the chase, when Odysseus left him to go to Troy, soon wouldst thou marvel at the sight of his swiftness and his strength. There was no beast that could flee from him in the deep places of the wood, when he was in pursuit ; for even on a track he was the keenest hound. But now he is holden in an evil case, and his lord hath perished far from his own country, and the careless women take no charge of him.”

The Odyssey of Homer, XVII.

(From the translation of Butcher & Lang)
(Macmillan & Co.)

Plato's Conception of the Qualities of the Dog

(Socrates and Glaucon are discussing the duties of the guardians of the State.)

SOCRATES. Then we shall have to select natures which are suited to their task of guarding the city ?

GLAUCON. We shall.

SOCRATES. And the selection will be no easy task, I said ; but still we must endeavour to do our best as far as we can ?

GLAUCON. We must.

SOCRATES. The dog is a watcher, I said, and the guardian is also a watcher ; and in this point of view, is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog ?

GLAUCON. How do you mean ?

SOCRATES. I mean that both of them ought to be quick to see and swift to overtake the enemy ; and strong too if, when they have caught him, they have to fight with him.

GLAUCON. All these qualities will certainly be required.

SOCRATES. Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well ?

GLAUCON. Certainly.

SOCRATES. And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit, whether horse or dog or any other animal ? Have you never observed how the

presence of spirit makes the soul of any creature absolutely fearless and invincible ?

GLAUCON. I have.

SOCRATES. Then now we have a clear idea of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian.

GLAUCON. True.

SOCRATES. And also of the mental ones ; his soul is to be full of spirit ?

GLAUCON. Yes.

SOCRATES. But then, Glaucon, those spirited natures are apt to be furious with one another and with everybody else.

GLAUCON. There is the difficulty.

SOCRATES. Whereas they ought to be gentle to their friends, and dangerous to their enemies ; or instead of their enemies destroying them, they will destroy themselves.

GLAUCON. True.

SOCRATES. What is to be done then ; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for they seem to be inconsistent with one another ?

GLAUCON. True.

SOCRATES. And yet he will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities ; and as the combination of them appears to be impossible, this is equivalent to saying that to be a good guardian is also impossible.

GLAUCON. I am afraid that what you say is true.

SOCRATES. [*Perplexed*] My friend, we deserve to be in a puzzle ; for we have lost sight of the simile with which we started.

GLAUCON. What do you mean ?

SOCRATES. I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

GLAUCON. And where do you find them ?

SOCRATES. Many animals furnish examples of them ; our friend the dog is a very good one ; you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances and the reverse to strangers ?

GLAUCON. Yes, I know.

SOCRATES. Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities ?

GLAUCON. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. Would you say that he should combine with the spirited nature the qualities of a philosopher ?

GLAUCON. I do not apprehend your meaning.

SOCRATES. The trait of which I am speaking may be also seen in the dog and is remarkable in an animal.

GLAUCON. What trait ?

SOCRATES. Why, a dog, when he sees a stranger, is angry ; when an acquaintance he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious ?

GLAUCON. I never thought of it before. . . .

SOCRATES. And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming; your dog is a true philosopher.

GLAUCON. Why?

SOCRATES. Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not the creature be fond of learning who determines what is friendly and what is unfriendly by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

GLAUCON. Most assuredly.

SOCRATES. And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

GLAUCON. They are the same.

SOCRATES. And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

GLAUCON. That we may safely affirm.

SOCRATES. Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

GLAUCON. Undoubtedly.

PLATO, *Republic*, Book II.
(Jowett's translation)
(Oxford University Press)

Xanthippus and his Dog

KINDNESS indeed is of wider application than mere justice, for we naturally treat men alone according to justice and the laws, while kindness and gratitude, as though from a plenteous spring, often extend even to irrational animals. It is right for man to feed horses which have been worn out in his service, and not merely to train dogs when they are young, but to take care of them when they are old. . . . Many persons, too, have made friends and companions of dogs, as did Xanthippus in old times, whose dog swam all the way to Salamis beside his master's ship when the Athenians left their city, and which he buried on the promontory which to this day is called the Dog's Tomb. We ought not to treat living things as we do our clothes and our shoes, and throw them away after we have worn them out; but we ought to accustom ourselves to show kindness in these cases, if only in order to teach ourselves the duty towards one another. For my own part, I would not even sell an ox that had laboured for me because he was old. . . .

PLUTARCH
Life of Cato, V.

The Qualities of the Dog: Examples of its Attachment to its Master.

AMONG the animals also that are domesticated with mankind, there are many circumstances that are far from undeserving of being known: among these there are more particularly that most faithful friend of man, the dog. . . . We have an account of a dog that fought against a band of robbers in defending its master; and although it was pierced with wounds, still it would not leave the body, from which it drove away all birds and beasts. Another dog, again in Epirus, recognized the murderer of its master in the midst of an assemblage of people, and by biting and barking at him, extorted from him a confession of his crime. . . . The people of Colophon and Castabala kept troops of dogs for the purposes of war; and these used to fight in the front rank and never retreat; they were the most faithful of auxiliaries, and yet required no pay. . . . A dog to which Darius gives the name of Hyrcanus, upon the funeral pile of King Lysimachus being lighted, threw itself into the flames, and the dog of King Hiero did the same. . . .

But a more extraordinary fact than all is what took place in our own times, and is testified by the public register of the Roman people. In the consulship of Appius Junius and P. Silius, when Titus Sabinus was put to death, together

with his slaves, for the affair of Nero, the son of Germanicus, it was found impossible to drive away a dog, which belonged to one of them, from the prison ; nor could it be forced away from the body, which had been cast down the Gemitorian steps. But there it stood howling, in the presence of vast multitudes of people ; and when some one threw a piece of bread to it, the animal carried it to the mouth of its master. Afterwards when the body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog swam into the river and endeavoured to raise it out of the water ; quite a throng of people being collected to witness this instance of an animal's fidelity.

Dogs are the only animals that are sure to know their masters ; and if they suddenly meet him as a stranger, they will instantly recognize him. They are the only animals that will answer to their names and recognize the voices of the family. They recollect a road along which they have passed, however long it may be. Next to man, there is no living creature whose memory is so retentive. . . .

In daily life we have discovered many other valuable qualities in this animal ; but its intelligence and sagacity are more especially shown in the chase. It discovers and traces out the tracks of the animal, leading . . . the sportsman who accompanies it, straight up to the prey ; and as soon as ever it has perceived it, how silent it is, and how secret but significant is the in-

dication which it gives, first by the tail and afterwards by the nose. Hence it is that even when worn out with old age, blind and feeble, they are carried by the huntsman in his arms, being still able to point out the coverts where the game is concealed, by snuffing with their muzzles at the wind. . . .

PLINY

Natural History, Chap. lxi.

Fingal's Dog, Bran

FIONN or Fingal, King of the Alba-men (or Caledonians) in the land of the great mountains, is a traditional hero in Celtic folk-lore. He is reputed to have been the father of Ossian, and there is probably foundation in fact for the heroic sagas and folk-tales that centre round his figure. His date is about A.D. 200. Fingal was always accompanied by Bran "his famous and well-beloved hound." It was while rescuing three children from a giant's castle that two puppies were found lying beside their mother, a large deer-hound. Fingal's emissary stole the two pups, "these were the most valuable things which he saw inside." Bran is one of the immortal heroes of Celtic folk-lore ; an old Celtic poem gives a description of his breed :

An eye of sloe with ear not low,
With horse's breast, with depth of chest,

With breadth of loin and curve in groin
And nape set far behind the head—
Such were the dogs that Fingal bred.

In Ossian's poems we find a description of Fingal's joyous hunting :

“ Call,” said Fingal, “ call to the chase,
Dogs slim and choice in travelling the moor :
Call Bran of the whitest chest ;
Call Neart and Kiar and Lu-a ;
Fillan, Ryno—he is in his grave,
My son is in the sleep of death !
Fillan and Fergus, blow the horn ;
Let joy arise on hill and cairn,
Let deer start up in Cromala,
And by the lake of roes—their home.”

The shrill sound rang throughout the wood ;
Slowly started a herd on Cromla.
A thousand dogs sprang over the heath ;
A deer fell down to every dog :
Fell three to Bran alone ;
And towards Fionn he turned the three,
To give great joy to the king.

A Scandinavian Sheep-Dog

SO it came to pass that Olaf wedded Gyda and abode for the most part in England, but sometimes in Ireland. Once when Olaf was out on a foray it fell that it was needful that they should foray ashore for provisions, and accordingly went his men to land and drove down a number

of cattle to the shore. Then came a peasant after them and prayed Olaf give him back his cows, and Olaf bade him take his cows could he find them : " But let him not delay our journey." The peasant had with him a big cattle-dog. This dog sent he into the herd of neat whereof were being driven many hundreds, and the animal hither and thither ran among the drove, singling out as many cows as the peasant said he owned, and all of them were marked in the same manner. Now knowing that the dog had chosen rightly it seemed to them that this was passing clever, and so Olaf asked the peasant whether he would give him the dog. " Willingly," answered he, and Olaf in exchange therefor gave him a gold ring, and the promise of his friendship. That dog was named Vigi, and it was the best of all dogs ; Olaf had pleasure in him for a long time thereafter.

Saga of Olaf Tryggvason
circa A.D. 1000

II
TWELFTH TO TWENTIETH
CENTURY

Man is the god of the dog ; he knows no other ; he can understand no other. And see how he worships him ! with what reverence he crouches at his feet ! with what love he fawns upon him ! with what dependence he looks up to him ! with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him ! His whole soul is wrapt up in his god ! all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service ! and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse.

Divines tell us that it just ought to be so with the Christian—but the dog puts the Christian to shame.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-96)

A Greyhound of King Henry II.

CADWALLADON, through inveterate malice, slew his brother Owen; a greyhound belonging to the aforesaid Owen, large, beautiful, and curiously spotted with a variety of colours, received seven wounds from arrows and lances in the defence of his master, and on his part did much injury to the enemy and assassins. When his wounds were healed, he was sent to King Henry II. by William, Earl of Gloucester, in testimony of so great and extraordinary a deed. A dog, of all animals, is most attached to man, and most easily distinguishes him; sometimes, when deprived of his master, he refuses to live, and in his master's defence is bold enough to brave death; ready therefore to die, either with or for his master.

GIRALDUS DE BARRI
circa 1200

The Prioress

She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
Wit rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.

CHAUCER (1340 ?-1400)
Canterbury Tales

The Dog of Montargis ¹

TO affirm the nobleness of hounds I shall tell a tale of a greyhound, that of Aubrey of Montdider, the which men may see painted in the realm of France in many places.

That Aubrey was a squire of the King's house of France, and upon a day he was going from the Court to his own house, and as he passed by the woods of Bondy . . . and led with him a fair greyhound that he had nourished up, a man that hated him for great envy without any other reason and was called Macaire, ran upon him within the wood and slew him without warning. . . .

And when the greyhound sought his master and found him dead, he covered him with earth and leaves with his paws and his muzzle as best he could ; and when he had been for three days and might no longer bide for hunger, he turned again to the King's Court, and there he found Macaire which was a great gentleman and had slain his master. And also as soon as the greyhound had seen Macaire, he ran upon him and should have maimed him, if men had let him. The King of France, the which was wise

¹ The spelling has been modernized. This greyhound is known as the Dog of Montargis because a stone mantlepice, which stood for many hundred years in the Castle of Montargis, bore a carved representation of the fight.

and perceiving, asked what it was ; and men told him all the story. The greyhound took from the tables what he might, and brought it to his master and put meat in his mouth, and this same the greyhound did every three days ; and then the King made men follow the greyhound to see whither he bore the meat he took in the Court. And then they found him dead and buried the said Aubrey, and the King made come many men of his Court, and made him stroke the greyhound and him cherish, and made his men lead him by the collar along by the house, but he strayed never.

And then the King commanded Macaire to take a gobbet of flesh and give it to the greyhound ; and as soon as the greyhound saw Macaire he left the flesh and would have run upon him. And when the King saw that, he held great suspicion upon Macaire ; he said to Macaire, You must fight against the greyhound ; and then he began to look dull. . . . The which Macaire had a great two-handed staff . . . yet was discomfitted. And the King commanded that the greyhound, the which had Macaire under him, should be taken up, and then made enquiry of the truth at Macaire, the which acknowledged he had slain Aubrey by treason, and therefore he was hanged and drawn.

EDMUND DE LANGLEY
(Son of Edward III., b. 1341)
Master of Game

Morte d'Arthur

(Sir Tristram is taken home to his own castle, where no one, not even his wife, La Beale Isoud, recognizes him.)

THEN the Queen had always a little brachet with her, that Sir Tristram gave her the first time that ever she came into Cornwall, and never would the brachet depart from her but if Sir Tristram was nigh there as was La Beale Isoud ; and this brachet was sent from the King's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram, for great love. And anon as this little brachet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leaped upon him, and licked his cheeks and his ears, and then she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and at his hands, and on all parts of his body that she might come to. Ah ! my lady, said Dame Bragwaine unto La Beale Isoud, alas ! alas ! said she, I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram. And thereupon Isoud fell down in a swoon and so lay a great while ; and when she might speak she said, " My lord, Sir Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life ; and now I am sure ye shall be discovered by this little brachet for she will never leave you. . . . "

SIR THOMAS MALORY

(First printed by William Caxton, 1485)

A Letter from Sir John Harington about his Dog Bungey

(Harington was a poet, a soldier, and a godson of Queen Elizabeth, but is best known as the translator of *Ariosto*.)

MAY it please your Highness to accept in good sort what I now offer as hath been done aforetime; and I may say, *I pede fausto*; but having good reason to think your Highness had goodwill and liking to read what others have told of my rare Dog, I will even give a brief history of his good deeds and strange feats; and herein will I not play the cur myself, but in good soothe relate what is no more nore less than the bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dog (Bungey) against him for good carriage; for, if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bold to say he did often bear the sweet words of a great Princess on his neck.

I did once relate to your Highness after what sort his tackling was, wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bath (Somersetshire) to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Court there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and come safe to the Bath, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodly returns from such Nobility as were pleased to employ him; nor was it ever told our Lady Queen that this Messenger did ever blab ought

concerning his high trust, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sent with two charges of sack wine from the Bath to my house by my man Combe, and on his way the cordage did slacken, but my trusty bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the house ; after which he went forth and returned with the other part of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highness may perchance marvel and doubt ; but we have living testimony of these who wrought in the fields, and espied his work, and now live to tell they did much long to play the dog and give stowage to the wine themselves ; but they did refrain, and watched the passage of the whole business.

I need not say how much I did once grieve at missing this Dog ; for on my journey towards London some idle pastimers did divert themselves with hunting mallards in a pond, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's ; where (in a happy hour) after six weeks I did hear of him ; but such was the court he did pay to the Don, that he was no less in good liking there than at home. Nor did the household listen to any claim or challenge, till I rested my suit on the Dog's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the Nobles assembled as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner,

and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but much more, when he returned at my commandment to the table and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the company was well content to allow me my claim, and we both were well content to accept it, and came homewards. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now say in what manner he died. As we travelled towards the Bath, he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice, than what I had observed for some time back; and, after my chiding his disturbing my passing forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake and died in a short time.

. . . Now let Ulysses praise his Dog Argus, or Tobit be led by that Dog whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey . . . as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds. . . . Of all the Dogs near your father's court not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasing, than him I write of; for verily a bone would content my servant, when some expect greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON
(Of Kelstone, near Bath, 1561-1612)

Man the God of the Dog

FOR take an Example of a Dog ; And mark what a Generosity and Courage he will put on, when he findes himselfe maintained by a Man ; who to him is in stead of a *God*, or *Melior Natura* ; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better Nature then his owne, could never attaine.

FRANCIS BACON (1551-1626)
Essay on Atheisme

How William of Orange was saved by his Dog

(In 1572 a night attack was made upon the camp of William of Orange, led by Julian Romero under the Duke of Alva.)

JULIAN . . . forced all the guards that he found in his way into the place of armes before the Prince's tent. Here he entered divers tents ; among the rest his men killed two of the Prince's secretaries hard by the Prince's tent, and the Prince himself escaped very narrowly. I heard the Prince say often, that he thought but for a dog he had been taken. The camisado was given with such resolution, that the place of armes tooke no alarme until their fellows were running in with the enemies in their tails ;

whereupon this dogge, hearing a great noyse, fell to scratching and crying, and withall leapt upon the Prince's face, awaking him being asleepe, before any of his men. And albeit the Prince lay in his armes with a lackey alwaies holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet at the going out of his tent, with much adoe hee recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless one of his squires was slain taking horse presently after him, and divers of his servants were forced to escape amongst the guardes of foote, which could not recover their horses; for, in troth, ever since, untill the Prince's dying day, he kept one of that dog's race, so did many of his friends and followers. The most or all of these dogs were white little hounds with crooked noses called Camuses (*i.e.* flat-nosed).

SIR ROGER WILLIAMS (1618)
Actions of the Low Countries

This account led to the belief that the dog in question was a pug, but Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, calls it a spaniel. "But for the little dog's watchfulness," he writes, "William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber. In the statues of the Prince a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet."

The Dogs of Shakespeare

THERE are innumerable references to dogs in Shakespeare's plays. Although he does not seem to have been a dog-lover in our modern sense of the term, the idea that Shakespeare never said a good word for a dog is a mistaken one. What he says about dogs through his characters shows that he had not only understanding but sympathy for them. There are many passages, it must be confessed, in which he uses comparison with the dog as the most contemptible comparison he can think of. But this custom of using the dog's name as a term of ignominy and reproach, crept into our language, a relic from Scriptural times, before the dog had come into his own in Britain. It is strange that the custom has persisted to our own day of almost idolatrous dog-worship. The strangest part of it all is that now it means nothing—it is just a generally accepted term of belittlement and has no connection in our minds with our friend the dog. We speak of someone "dying a dog's death," of some irresponsible rogue being "a gay dog," but neither expression has anything in reason behind it. And it appears that Shakespeare was no exception in this misuse of language. In the *Merchant of Venice*, Shylock, before making his bargain with Antonio, charges him with the insults he has heaped upon him :

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog . . .
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur. . .
. . . another time
You call'd me dog. . . .

There is the excuse of course that in Shakespeare's time the dog had not attained to the favoured position he occupies in our households now, sometimes as friend, often as lord and master. But in *King Lear* we find an advance. When the Earl of Kent upbraids Regan, who would sentence him to the stocks, he says:

Why madam, if I were your father's dog,
You would not use me so.

But though an advance, this still implies that a dog would be badly used as a matter of course. In the same play Shakespeare suddenly delights us by seeming to claim that men value the good opinion of their dogs. When Lear, old, miserable and forsaken, fancies that his very dogs have deserted him, the last pang is added to his bitterness :

The little dogs and all :

Tray, Blanch and Sweet-heart ; see, they bark at me !

As dogs were valued chiefly for their use in hunting in Shakespeare's time, most of the references to them in the plays are connected with sport. From the freshness and vigour of these pieces—alive in every joyous picture they set before us—one gathers what delight Shakespeare had in the chase. There are legends that in his

early days the joys of poaching were not unknown to him. The most famous of the passages about the chase comes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (iv. 1), where we have this wonderful description of the music of the hounds :

THESEUS. Go, one of you, find out the forester :
For now our observation is performed ;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of the hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go :
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flewed, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge when you hear.

Such examples of Shakespeare's appreciation of dogs could be multiplied many times, and the

search for allusions only brings his knowledge of their ways and virtues to fuller light. Most of these allusions, however, are more appropriate to a study of Shakespeare than to a study of the dog. They are only mentioned here because no anthology could venture into print without some reference to Shakespeare.

But let us have one final quotation from *Timon of Athens*, where we find probably the fullest appreciation in Shakespeare of the devotion of the dog to his master. The choice seems at first sight an unfortunate one, for this play is considered to be only in part the work of Shakespeare, but Act IV., from which the quotation is taken, is thought by authorities to be undoubtedly by Shakespeare himself.

Speaking to Alcibiades, Timon says :

I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Further on in the same scene, talking with the gloomy philosopher, Apemantus, we have the following dialogue :

APEM. . . . What man didst thou ever know unthrift
that was beloved after his means ?

TIMON. Who, without these means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved ?

APEM. Myself.

TIMON. I understand thee : thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

L. M.

Upon his Spaniel, Tracie

NOW thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
For shape and service spaniel like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

Agrippa's Pug

AGRIPPA kept a Stygian pug
I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog,
That was his Tutor and the Cur
Read to th' occult Philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other Sciences are vain.

To this quoth Sidrophel, " Oh ! Sir,
Agrippa was no conjuror,
Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen,
Nor was the Dog a Cacodæmon,
But a true Dog that would show tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks ;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil :
And whatso'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go."

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-80)
Hudibras

Dogs in Warfare

THE faithfulness of a dog hath been the cause that many have chosen to trust their lives with that beast, and to commit themselves to the good of him rather than of reasonable men. As we read of King Massanissa, who by the barking of dogs freed himself many times from the ambuscadoes that were laid for him, discovered afar off the coming of his enemies, stood upon his guard, and, by the helpe of dogs, sometimes carryed away the victorie. . . . We read also that the King of the Garmantes, driven by sedition out of his realme, was re-establisht againe by the helpe of two hundred hunting dogs. It may be that Henry the VIII., King of England . . . had an eye to this prompt fidelitie of dogs, when in the armie which he sent to the Emperor Charles the Fifth against the French King, there were foure hundred souldiers that had the charge of the like number of dogs, all of them garnished with good yron collers after the fashion of that countrey: no man being able to say, whither they were appointed to be the sentinels in the night, or to serve for some stratagem for obtaining the victorie. Strabo saith, that the like was practised in old time, and that the English dogs went to warre with the Gaules: and there is mention of a Procurator or Commissarie that had charge of the dogs of Britanie, in the Emperour's behalfe. And at

this day there be some of them found, which Camden calleth Agase-hounds, and named Agasaei by Oppian. Andrew Thenet, speaking of the King of Cephala, writeth, That when he will give battel to his enemies, he commonly mingleth many troupes of dogs among the squadrons of his souldiers. We will hereafter make mention of a dog so courageous in the warre, that the Indians were more afraid of his teeth, than of any other Spanish weapons, and that the owner received extraordinary pay every moneth for the services that were done by that dog.

PHILIP CAMERARIUS (1625)
Living Librarie

The Faithful Friend

OF any beast, none is more faithful found
Nor yeelds more pastime in house, plaine,
or woods,
Nor keepes his master's person, nor his goods,
With greater care, than doth the dog or hound.

Command ; he thee obeyes most readily,
Strike him ; he whines and falls down at thy
feet.
Call him : he leaves his game and comes to thee
With wagging taile, offr'ing his service meeke.

In summer's heat he follows by thy pace :
In winter's cold he never leaveth thee :
In mountaines wild he by thee close doth trace ;
In all thy feares and dangers true is he.

Thy friends he loves ; and in thy presence lives
By day : by night he watcheth faithfully
That thou in peace mayst sleep ; he never gives
Good entertainment to thine enemy.

Course, hunt, in hills, in valleyes, or in plains ;
He joyes to run and stretch out every lim :
To please but thee, he spareth for no paines :
His hurt (for thee) is greatest good to him.

Sometimes he doth present thee with a Hare,
Sometimes he hunts the Stag, the Fox, the
Boare,
Another time he baits the Bull and Beare,
And all to make thee sport, and for no more.

If so thou wilt, a Collar he will weare ;
And when thou list to take it off againe
Unto thy feet he coucheth downe most faire,
As if thy will were all his good and gaine.

In fields abroad he lookes unto thy flockes,
Keeping them safe from Wolves and other
beasts ;
And oftentimes he beares away the knocks
Of some odd thief, that many a fold infests.

And as he is the faithful bodies guard,
So is he good within a fort or hold,
Against a quicke surprise to watch and ward ;
And all his hire is bread mustie and old.

Canst thou then such a creature hate and spurne ?
Or barre him from such poore and simple food ?
Being so fit and faithful for thy turne,
And no beast else can do thee halfe such good !

Attributed to J. MYCILLUS, a Latin poet ;
translated by J. MOLE and his son from the
Living Librarie of PHILIP CAMERARIUS (1625)

Dogs in Mediæval Art and in the Lives of the Saints

ALTHOUGH the Bible pays no tribute to the dog, mediæval art uses him as one of its symbols of fidelity. The Crusaders are often found in sculpture with their feet resting on a dog, to show they had followed the Cross as faithfully as a dog follows his master.

The chief instances of the fidelity of the dog in the Lives of the Saints are connected with St Roch, St Margaret of Cortona, St Dominic, St Hubert, and St Eustace.

St Roch, while nursing plague-stricken patients in a hospital at Piacenza, was himself struck down by plague. He suffered so much that he

could not help groaning, and as he was afraid of disturbing the other patients, he crawled out of the hospital away to a wood outside the town and there lay down, as he thought, to die. Every one shunned him, no passer-by came near him. But his little dog (it is generally a small dog) did not forsake him. It had followed him on all his wanderings—St Roch was a native of Montpellier—and now, the legend tells us, it brought him a loaf of bread from the town every day. An angel came and dressed his plague-spot, and he recovered. In art the Saint is always found pathetically lifting his robe to show his plague-spot and is always accompanied by his little dog.

St Margaret of Cortona, when her knight was murdered by robbers, was led to the place by his little dog. It attached itself entirely to her after that, and in pictures of her is nearly always to be found at her feet.

Before St Dominic was born, his mother dreamt that she had given birth to a dog carrying a flaming torch in its mouth. She regarded that afterwards as symbolic of the message to be spoken all over Europe by the Saint and his Order. On account of this legend his followers were sometimes called *Domini Cane*, which explains those pictures of black and white dogs worrying wolves, for the Dominicans wore black and white habits and they overcame the heretics or wolves. St Dominic himself is often found

with a dog carrying a lighted torch in its mouth. (This whole legend probably arose from a pun on the name of the Order.)

St Eustace and St Hubert, the patron saints of huntsmen, are often represented with hounds by their sides, because they appeared to their followers in that way. Shepherds used to go to church on St Hubert's day (Nov. 3), to ask a blessing for themselves and their dogs, and to obtain the wafers which were supposed to act as charms against hydrophobia. St Hubert's hounds are familiar to us from the reference in the *Lady of the Lake* :

Two hounds of black St Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath or speed. . . .

In a note on this verse, Sir Walter Scott quotes an extract from an old book on the *Art of Venerie or Hunting*, published in 1611. "The hounds which we call St Hubert's hounds are commonly all blacks, yet nevertheless their race is so mingled that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the Abbots of St Hubert have always kept . . . in remembrance of the Saint, which was a hunter with St Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive (by grace of God) that all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise."

L. M.

The Grave-Digger

SEPTEMBER 11, 1661. To Dr Williams who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons; and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again and dig the hole deeper; which is strange. And he tells me he do believe he hath killed above an hundred cats.

SAMUEL PEPYS
(1633-1703)

The Irish Greyhound

BEHOLD this Creature's Form and state,
Which Nature therefore did create,
That to the World might be exprest
What meen there can be in a Beast;
And that we in this shape may find
A Lion of another kind.
For this Heroick beast does seem
In Majesty to Rival him;
And yet vouchsafes to Man, to shew
Both service and submission too.
From whence we this distinction have,
That Beast is fierce, but this is brave.
This Dog hath so himself subdued,

That hunger cannot make him rude :
And his behaviour doth confess
True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
With sternest Wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them successful rage.
Yet too much courtesie may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his opposer's blood,
Fortune hath made his vertue good ;
This Creature from an act so brave
Grows not more sullen, but more grave.
Man's Guard he would be, not his sport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't ;
But yet no blood or shed or spent
Can ever make him insolent.

Few Men, of him, to do great things have learn'd
And when th'are done to be so unconcerned.

KATHERINE PHILIPS (1664)

A Letter from Pope about his Dog Bounce

“ I WILL give you some account of him, a
thing not wholly unprecedented, since
Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in com-
parison) has done the same thing of his cat.
Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam? You
are to know then, that as it is likeness that begets
affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a
lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is

not much spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb, surly sort of kindness that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, than when we walk quietly or peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree: he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to. Witness our walk a year ago in St James's Park. Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and estimable books, sacred and profane extant (the Scripture and Homer), have shown a particular regard to these animals. That of Tobit is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. . . .

“This respect to a dog in the most polite people in the world is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects; he gave his order this motto, or to

this effect . . . *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story (said to be in Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs) which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good nature of the other, without fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence. I will be contented, provided you will but believe me when I say—a bold word for a Christian—that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than your, etc.

ALEXANDER POPE"
(1688-1745)

Importance of the Dog in the Order of Nature

THE dog, independently of his beauty, vivacity, strength, and swiftness, has all the interior qualities which can attract the regard of man. The tame dog comes crawling to lay at his master's feet his courage, strength, and talents, and waits his orders to use them; he consults,

interrogates, and beseeches ; the glance of his eye is sufficient ; he understands the signs of his will ; without the vices of man, he has all the ardour of sentiment, and what is more, he has the fidelity and constancy in his affections ; no ambition, no interest, no desire of revenge, no fear but that of displeasing him ; he is all zeal, all warmth, and all obedience ; more sensible to the remembrance of benefits than of wrong, he soon forgets or only remembers them to make his attachment the stronger ; far from irritating or running away, he even exposes himself to new proofs ; he licks the hand which is the cause of his pain, he only opposes it by his cries, and at length entirely disarms it by his patience and submission.

More docile and flexible than any other animal, the dog is not only instructed in a short time, but he even conforms himself to the motions, manners, and habits of those who command him ; he has all the manners of the house where he inhabits ; like the other domestics he is disdainful with the great, and rustical in the country, always attentive to his master ; and, striving to anticipate the wants of his friends, he gives no attention to indifferent people, and declares against those whose station makes them importunate ; he knows them by their dress, their voice, their gestures, and prevents their approach. When the care of the house is entrusted to him during the night, he becomes more fiery and

sometimes ferocious ; he watches, he walks his rounds, he scents strangers afar off ; and if they happen to stop or attempt to break in he flies to oppose them, and by reiterated barkings, efforts, and cries of passion, he gives the alarm. As furious against men of prey as against devouring animals, he flies upon, wounds, and tears them, and takes from them what they were endeavouring to steal ; but, content with having conquered, he rests himself on the spoils, will not touch it even to satisfy his appetite, and at once gives an example of courage, temperance, and fidelity.

Thus we may see of what importance this species is in the order of nature. By supposing for a moment that they had never existed ; without the assistance of the dog, how could man have been able to tame, and reduce into slavery, other animals ? How could he have hunted, discovered, and destroyed wild and obnoxious animals ? To keep himself in safety and to render himself master of the living universe, it was necessary to begin by making himself friends among animals, in order to oppose them to others. The first art, then, of mankind, was the education of dogs, and the fruit of this art was the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth. . . .

The dog may be said to be the only animal whose fidelity may be put to the proof ; the only one which always knows his master and

his friends ; the only one which, as soon as an unknown person arrives, perceives it . . . the only one which in a long journey, a journey that perhaps he has been but once, will remember the way and find the road ; the only one, in fine, whose talents are evident, and whose education is always good.

Of all animals, moreover, the dog is the one whose understanding is most susceptible of impressions, and most easily taught by moral causes ; he is also, above all other creatures, most subject to the variety and other alterations caused by physical influences. The temperament, the faculties, the habits of the body, vary prodigiously, and the form is not uniform ; in the same country one dog is very different from another dog, and the species is quite different in itself in different climates. . . .

As among domestic animals, the dog is, above all others, that which is most attached to man ; that which, living like man, lives also the most irregularly ; that in which sentiment predominates enough to render him docile, obedient, and susceptible of all impressions, and even of all constraint, it is not astonishing, that of all animals this should be that in which we find the greatest variety, not only in figure, in height, and in colour, but in every other quality.

G. L. L. BUFFON
(1707-1788)

The Dog and the Water-Lily

NO FABLE

THE noon was shady and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me).

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed :
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixt considerate face,

And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned.
Beau trotting far before
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ;

But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

WILLIAM COWPER
(1731-1800)

Faithful unto Death

WITH eye upraised his master's look to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man ;
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's
friend,
The only creature faithful to the end.

Attributed to CRABBE
(1754-1832)

The Ettrick Shepherd's Dog

" MY dog Sirrah was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He had a somewhat surly temper, disdaining all flattery, and not caring to be caressed ; but his attention to my wishes and interests will never be surpassed. When I bought him he was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life ; but as he soon discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions ; and when he had once understood a direction, he never forgot or mistook it."

On one night, a large flock of lambs that were under Hogg's care, frightened by something, scampered away in three different directions across the hills, in spite of all he could do. " Sirrah," said he to his dog, " they're all awa' ! "

It was growing dark, and which way to go Hogg knew not. But Sirrah had comprehended the whole mischief, and he set off through the darkness to find the fugitives. Hogg and an assistant traversed every neighbouring hill in search of the lambs; but he could see nothing of them, nor could he get any tidings. He would have to return to his master with the doleful tidings that a flock of seven hundred lambs had been wholly lost. But as the morning dawned, and they were sorrowfully turning homeward, they descried a number of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and soon they were rejoiced to see that their own Sirrah was keeping guard over them. They concluded that one of the three parties of runaways had been found, and that the dog was taking care of them. But what was their astonishment when they found, on coming to the spot, that the whole flock was there; that not one lamb of the seven hundred was missing. How the dog had achieved this, in what way he had got all the three parties together, was, says Hogg, "Quite beyond my comprehension. All I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any living creature as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
Quoted from *Dog-Life*

On the Death of a Favourite old Spaniel

AH, poor companion ! when thou followedst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
Which closed for ever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity.
But fare thee well ! Mine is no narrow creed ;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man ! There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one !
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee !

ROBERT SOUTHEY
(1774-1843)

The Lower World

. . . through the pressing throng,
See how yon terrier gently leads along
The feeble beggar, to his custom'd stand,
With piteous tale to woo the bounteous hand ;
In willing bonds, but master of the way,
Ne'er leads that trusted friend, his charge, astray ;
With slow, soft step, as conscious of his care,
As if his own deep sorrows form'd the prayer.
Should yielding charity the scrip supply,
Tho' hunger pressed, untouched the boon would lie ;
Eyes to the blind, he notes the passing thief,
And guards the good Samaritan's relief ;

A faithful steward, amidst unbounded power,
 Patient he waits the home-returning hour ;
 Then reconducts his master to his shed,
 And grateful, banquets on the coarsest bread.
 And were that cheerless shed, by fortune plac'd
 In the chill cavern, or the naked waste,
 The sport of every storm, unroofed and bare,
 This faithful slave would find a palace there ;
 Would feel the labours of his love o'erpaid
 Near to his monarch master's pillow laid ;
 Unchanged by change of circumstance or place ;
 A sacred lesson to a prouder race !

PRATT (1810)

Byron's Dog, Boatswain

When Byron's favourite dog died, the poet had a
 marble monument erected to his memory, with this
 inscription :

NEAR THIS SPOT
 ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE
 WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
 STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCES,
 COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
 AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES.
 THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE UNMEANING
 FLATTERY
 IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,
 IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
 BOATSWAIN, A DOG,
 WHO WAS BORN AT NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY 1803,
 AND DIED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808.

EPITAPH

WHEN some proud son of man returns to
earth,

Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below :
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been :
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
shame.

Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

BYRON (1788-1824)

Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

THE TALISMAN

SIR WALTER SCOTT was a true dog-lover. His terrier, Camp, his deerhound Maida, his greyhounds and his Dandie-Dinmonts—the vogue for whom he created—all played an intimate part in his life. When not obliged to be in Edinburgh at the Law Courts, he lived the life of a country squire; he shot, hunted, coursed, and explored the whole countryside, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, but always accompanied by his dogs. His expeditions were often prolonged by their vagaries, and in following the game they started, Scott and his friends were sometimes led far out of their way on the hillside. How he respected the friendship of his dogs we see in the following extracts from his *Life*, his *Letters*, and his *Journal*.

When Washington Irving visited Scott at

Abbotsford, he wrote an account of his experiences, quoted by Lockhart.

"The noise of my chaise," says Irving, "had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged a large iron-grey deerhound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. . . ."

(Later in the day, when Scott had done his task for the morning—at that time probably a chapter of *Rob Roy*—and Irving had been shown the ruins of Melrose Abbey, the two authors set out for a ramble together.)

"As we sallied forth," writes Irving, "every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old deerhound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with

soft, silken hair, long pendant ears and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if to rational companions ; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along at a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the dust, then, giving a glance at us, as much as to say, ' You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense,' would resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. ' I make no doubt,' said he, ' when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them ; but he is

ashamed to do so in our company and seems to say : Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters ; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery ? ' "

" Scott's appearance," writes Washington Irving, " as he sat reading in a large arm-chair, with his favourite hound, Maida, at his feet, and surrounded by books and reliques and Border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture." This idea occurred to many artists to the great discomfiture of Scott and his dogs. Writing of his promise to sit to a young artist for his portrait, Scott says, " This is far from being agreeable, as I submitted to this distressing state of constraint last year, to Newton . . . to Leslie . . . to Wilkie, and someone besides. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and went away with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes." In Cunningham's *Painters*, Sir Walter is reported to have said, " Maida, who had little philosophy, conceived such a dislike to painters that whenever he saw a man take out pencil and paper and look at him, he set up a howl and ran off to the Eildon Hill. His unfortunate master, however well he can howl, was never able to run much (Scott was lame from boyhood), he was therefore obliged to abide the event " (vi. 125).

Of Scott's most intimate dog friends, Camp

is the first whose name has come down to us. "He was very handsome, very intelligent and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for a brace of lighter pets styled Douglas and Percy, Scott kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it—in particular it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend—the greyhounds as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with."

"Camp preserved his affection and sagacity to the last," writes Mr Lockhart. "At Ashestiel, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would say, 'Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford—or by the hill' (Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire), and the sick animal would immediately bestir himself to welcome his master, going out at the back or the front door according to the direction given, and advancing as far as he was able either towards the Tweed or the Glenkinnon burn. He was buried on a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street (Edinburgh), immediately opposite to the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife (Scott's daughter Sophia) told me that she remembered

the whole family standing in tears above the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized on account of ' the death of a dear old friend.' "

Maida, the second favourite in point of time, is described in *Woodstock* under the name of Bevis—" a large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form and almost in fleetness a greyhound . . . tawny-coloured like a lion, with black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold." Scott writes of the arrival of Maida: " I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and the deerhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion." Towards the end of Maida's life, Scott wrote to his friend Miss Edgeworth, " I have sometimes thought of the final cause of dogs having such short lives and I am quite satisfied it is in compassion to the human race; for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or twelve years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?" And soon after this Maida died, " the noblest, most celebrated of all his dogs." Writing to his son Charles, Scott concludes, " I have little domestic news to tell

you. Old Maida died quietly in his straw last week, after a good supper. Considering his weak state, it was rather a deliverance. He is buried below his monument,¹ on which the following epitaph is engraved—though it is audacity to send Teviotdale Latin to Brasenose :

“Maidae Marmorae dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.”

Thus Englished by an eminent hand,

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

Writing of his daily life, Scott mentions many escapades with his dogs. We come upon entries like this in the *Journal* : “ Wrote my task : then walked from one till half-past four. Dogs took a hare. They always catch one on Sunday . . . a Puritan would say the devil was in them.” The Editor of the *Journal* adds a note, “ That these afternoon rambles were not always so tranquil may be gathered from an incident in which an unsuspecting cat at a cottage door was demolished by Nimrod in one of his gambols.” Sir Walter's purse was in his hand, and as his friend wrote, “ I am very sure it was not his fault if the cat had a poor funeral. In the confusion of the moment, I am afraid the culprit

¹ The monument was a leaping-on stone to which the skill of Scott's master-mason had given the shape of Maida recumbent.

went off without even a reprimand." Nimrod was an old offender. "Alack-a-day!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "my poor cat Hinse, my acquaintance and in some sort my friend of fifteen years was snapped at even by the paynim Nimrod. What could I say to him but what Brantôme said to some *ferrailleur* who had been too successful in a duel, '*Ah! mon grand ami, vous avez tué mon autre grand ami!*'"

When Scott's financial troubles came upon him, and he almost resolved never to see Abbotsford again, "My dogs will wait for me in vain," he writes. "It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may yet be those who, loving me, may love my dog because he has been mine. . . . I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do, could they know how things are. . . ." It was fortunately never necessary for Scott to part from his dogs, and throughout those hard years they meant much to him. When he was no longer able for his daily walk, "Bran, poor fellow," he wrote, "lies yawning at my feet and cannot think what is become of the daily scamper."

A few months before his death Scott went abroad in search of health. Brought back to

Abbotsford and carried for the last time into his dining-room, "the dogs assembled about his chair, they began to fawn upon him and to lick his hands. . . ."

L. M.

Helvellyn

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty
Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed
misty and wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
Where I mark'd the sad spot where the wand'rer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-
heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in
decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to
weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long did'st thou think that his silence was
slumber ?

When the wind waved his garments, how oft
did'st thou start ?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
heart ?

And, oh, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er
him—

No mother to weep, no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before
him—

Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should
depart ?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has
yielded,

The tap'stry waves dark round the dim-lighted
hall ;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming

In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are
beaming,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-lamb,

When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.¹

SIR WALTER SCOTT
(1771-1832)

¹ See Wordsworth's poem on the same subject, p. 113. "Sir Walter Scott and his wife made a short excursion to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland . . . in company with Mr Wordsworth. . . . One of the days they spent together was destined to furnish a theme for the verse of each, namely, that which they gave to the ascent of Helvellyn, where, in the course of the preceding spring, a young naturalist called Gough had lost his way in the mists which came over the mountain, and was killed by falling over a precipice. His remains were discovered three months afterwards, still watched by his faithful terrier, which had been his constant attendant on his nature rambles.

Wasp

... **A** VOLUME of Shakespeare in each pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen slung over his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations; and in this equipage we present him to our readers. . . . A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him, and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey.

(Remembering presently that he is hungry, our hero repairs to a small public-house where a tall, stout, country-looking man was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef.)

For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

"A bonny terrier that, sir—and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that."

"Really, sir," said Brown, "his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion."

"Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon—it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye twa couple of slow-hounds, five grews and a wheen other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard; I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stoats or weasels—and then wi' the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on 't."

"I have no doubt, sir, they are thoroughbred—but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?"

"O, that's a fancy of my ain to mark the breed, sir. The Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandie Dinmont's Pepp and Mustard terriers—Lord, man, he sent Tam Hutton the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the fumarts and the tods, and sicken a blyth gaedown as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!"

(Brown having accepted Dandie Dinmont's offer to visit his farm, the two fall in with robbers on their way, who wound the honest farmer. They beat them off and proceed to Charlies-hope.)

A most furious barking was set up at their approach by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-

known voice lustily heard to restore order, the door opened and a half-dressed ewe-milker . . . shut it in their faces that she might run *ben the hoose* to cry, " Mistress, mistress, it's the master and another man wi' him." . . . Mrs Dinmont, a well-favoured buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. . . . " But, gude gracious ! what's the matter wi' ye baith ? " for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. . . . When Dandie Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles and cutting the Highland fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The gudewife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery. . . . Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs Dinmont then simply but kindly offered her assistance to Brown. He assured her he had no occasion for anything but the accommodation of a basin and towel. . . .

Dinmont then exerted himself . . . all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and old Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years

had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master's chair. . . .

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
Guy Mannering

Beth-Gelert

(An Aryan myth found in all literatures and as early as the third century B.C., but traditional about Llewelyn the Great who lived at the foot of Snowdon. Llewelyn's father-in-law, King John, is said to have presented him with the dog Gelert in 1205.)

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer :
" Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear—

" Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ? "

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
The many mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infants bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He reached with terror wild ;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured ! ”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh—
What words the parents joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear :
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe :
" Best of thy kind, adieu.
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass
Or forester, unmoved ;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear ;
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storms to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.

W. R. SPENCER
(1769-1834)

Irus' Faithful Wolf-Dog

POOR Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
That wont to tend my old blind master's
steps,
His guide and guard ; nor, while my service
lasted,
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear
Over the highways and crossings, but would plant
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reached

His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed :
To whom with loud and passionate laments
From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed.
Nor wailed to all in vain : some here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept ;
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Pricked up at his least motion, to receive
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
And common portion in his feast of scraps ;
Or when night warned us homeward, tired and
 spent
With our long day and tedious beggary.
These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And severed from my sightless master's side,
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
Cheap monument of an ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

Translated by CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)
from the Latin of VICTOR BOURNE

Exemplary Nick

HERE lies poor Nick, an honest creature,
Of faithful, gentle, courteous nature ;
A parlour pet unspoiled by favour,
A pattern of good dog behaviour.
Without a wish, without a dream,
Beyond his home and friends at Cheam,
Contentedly through life he trotted
Along the path that fate allotted ;
Till Time, his aged body wearing,
Bereaved him of his sight and hearing,
Then laid them down without a pain
To sleep, and never wake again.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845)

Fidelity of the Dog

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions too are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there anyone in sight
All round, in hollow, or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That if it could would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Not far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;

The appall'd discoverer with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fall'n that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks and all is clear ;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was and whence he came ;
Remember'd too the very day
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day,
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourish'd here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

To the Memory of a Dog

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth !
It is not for unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise ;
More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year :
This oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree
Will gladly stand, a monument of thee.

We grieved for thee and wished thy end were past ;
And willingly have laid thee here at last :
For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were shed ;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead ;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were
Old household thoughts in which thou hadst thy
share,
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree !
For love that comes wherever life and sense

Are given by God, in thee was most intense ;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us men, but to thy kind :
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law :—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thou be an honoured name !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

(These lines were written on the death of Wordsworth's favourite dog, " Little Music.")

La Fontaine and his Dog

(In Landor's *Imaginary Conversation* between M. de la Rochefoucauld and La Fontaine, the latter sits on one chair, whilst the only other in the room is occupied by his dog. Rochefoucauld is taking his leave when La Fontaine suddenly realizes his visitor has been standing all the time.)

LA FONTAINE. Sad doings ! Sad over-sight ! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best-tempered dog ! an angel of a dog. I do assure you he would have gone down in a moment, at a word ! I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention.

With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness? . . . I must reprove that animal when he uncurls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child !

ROCHEFOUCAULD. Dogs are not very modest.

LA FONTAINE. Never say that, de la Rochefoucauld ! The most modest people upon earth ! Look at a dog's eyes ; he half-closes them and gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips which he licks languidly, and of the tail which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good and gracious creatures. They are subject to many, such as men are subject to. . . . But it must be something present or near that excites them ; and they calculate not the extent of the evil they may do or suffer.

ROCHEFOUCAULD. Certainly not. How should dogs calculate ?

LA FONTAINE. I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks with exertion just sufficient and no more. In regard to honour and a sense of dignity, let me tell you a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them : a dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but would leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts

his visitor or intimate out a-hunting and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an Emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber, which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner, he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly in order to defend his master from theft or violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language and makes war. I could say many other things to his advantage; but I was never malicious and would rather let both parties plead for themselves. Give me the dog, however.

W. S. LANDOR (1775-1864)
Imaginary Conversations

Napoleon and the Dog in Warfare

WHEN Napoleon was riding over the battlefield of Bassano, he noticed a dog keeping guard beside the body of his dead master. Turning to his staff, "There, gentlemen," he said, "that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

The use of dogs in warfare had occurred to Napoleon, for he wrote to Marmont in 1799, "They ought to have at Alexandria a large number of dogs, which you can easily make use of by fastening a large number at a short distance from your walls."

Rab

I WISH you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and grey like Rubislaw granite ; his hair short, hard and close, like a lion's ; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least ; he had a large blunt head ; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night ; a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it ; one eye out, one ear cropped close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's ; the remaining eye had the power of two ; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag ; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size—and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in

his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

JOHN BROWN (1810-1882)

To Dr John Brown

*WHAN the dear doctor, dear to a'
Was still amang us here below,
I set my pipes his praise to blaw
Wi' a' my speerit :
But noo, Dear Doctor ! he's awa',
An' ne'er can hear it.*

By Lyne and Tyne, by Thames and Tees,
By a' the various river-Dee's,
In Mars and Manors 'yont the seas
Or here at hame,
Whaure'er there's kindly folk to please,
They ken your name.

They ken your name, they ken your tyke,
They ken the honey from your bike ;
But mebbe after a' your fyke,
(The truth to tell)
It's just your honest Rab they like,
An' no yoursel'.

Your e'e was gleg, your fingers dink ;
Ye didnae fash yoursel' to think,

But wove, as fast as puss can link,
Your denty wab :
Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
An' there was Rab !

Sinsyne, whaure'er your fortune lay
By dowie den, by canty brae,
Simmer an' winter, nicht an' day,
Rab was aye wi' ye ;
An' a' the folk on a' the way
Were blithe to see ye.

O sir, the gods are kind indeed,
An' hauld ye for an honoured heid,
That for a wee bit clarkit screed
Sae weel reward ye,
An' lend—puir Rabbie bein' deid—
His ghaist to guard ye.

For though, whaure'er yoursel' may be,
We've just to turn an' glisk a wee,
An' Rab at heel we're shure to see
Wi' gladsome caper :
The bogle of a bogle, he .
A ghaist o' paper !

And as the auld farrand hero sees
In Hell a bogle Hercules,
Pit there the lesser deid to please,
While he himsel'
Dwalls wi' the muckle gods at ease
Far raised frae hell :

Sae the true Rabbie far has gane
On kindlier business o' his ain
Wi' aulder frien's ; an' his breist-bane
 An' stumpie tailie,
He birstles at a new hearth stane
 By James and Ailie.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Poems

(Chatto & Windus)

Wylie

OUR next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog ; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. . . .

We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect shape of Wylie, the finest collie I ever saw, and said, "What are you going to do with Wylie?" (Old Adam, the shepherd, was going to live with his son in Glasgow.) "'Deed," says he, "I hardly ken. I canna think o' sellin' her, though she's worth four pound, and she'll no like the toun." I said, "Would you let me have her?" and Adam, looking at her fondly—she came up instantly to him and made of him—said, "Ay, I wull, if ye'll be gude to her"; and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts, even grandmother liked her ; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came there was a mystery about her : every Tuesday evening she disappeared ; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine p.m., and was away all night, coming back next day, wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grass-market, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, " That's her ; that's the wonderful wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the " Buchts " or sheep pens in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose,

in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

JOHN BROWN
Horæ Subsecivæ

Mrs Carlyle's Dog

NERO is introduced to us in a spirited letter to a friend. "Oh Lord! I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog," wrote Mrs Carlyle. "Mr C. has accepted it with amiability! To be sure when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs, as I ought to do and can't, and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honour and glory."

Later on, when Carlyle was in Dundee, and asked why there was no mention of Nero in his wife's letter, she replied, "As to Nero, poor darling,

it is not forgetfulness of him that has kept me silent on his subject, but rather that he is part and parcel of myself: when I say I am well it means Nero also is well! *Nero c'est moi; moi c'est Nero!*"

Nero had therefore a happy life, but when nearly eleven years old he "became a source of great sorrow, his tendency to asthma having been dreadfully developed since the Butcher's cart went over his throat." Soon after that Mrs Carlyle went away from home for a few days. On her return, "It was in sickening apprehension that I arrived at my own door," she wrote. "I had left my poor wee dog so ill of old age, complicated with asthma, that I doubted that I should find him alive. It was the first time for eleven years that his welcoming bark had failed me! Was he really dead then? No! strange to say he was actually a little better, and had run up the kitchen stairs to welcome me as usual; but there he had been arrested by a paroxysm of coughing and the more he tried to show his joy the more he could not do it! Mr C. keeps insisting on 'a little prussic acid' for him. At the same time he was overheard saying to him in the garden one day, 'Poor little fellow! I declare I am heartily sorry for you! If I could make you young again, upon my soul I would!'"

A month later she writes: "For the rest, I am still not laid up. . . . But if I am less ill

than usual this winter, I am more than usually sorrowful, for I have lost my dear little companion of eleven years' standing: my little Nero is dead! And the grief his death has caused me has been wonderful even to myself. His patience and gentleness and loving struggle to do all his bits of duties under his painful illness up to the last hour of his life was very strange and touching to see, and had so endeared him to everybody in the house, that I was happily spared all reproaches for wasting so much feeling on a dog. Mr C. couldn't have reproached me, for he himself was in tears at the poor little thing's end; and his own heart was (as he phrased it) 'unexpectedly and distractedly torn to pieces with it!'"¹

Charles Dickens and his Dogs

THE first dog Dickens tells us about in his letters is Timber, a little white Havana spaniel, who was reared for Dickens by the manager of a theatre in the States. He was called Mr Snittle Timber after the character of that name in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and went everywhere with the Dickens' family, even to Switzerland and Italy. Writing from Albano, Dickens says, "I don't know what to do with Timber.

¹ Quoted by permission of Mr Alexander Carlyle from *New Letters and Memorials*. London, John Lane.

He is as ill-adapted to the climate at this time of year as a suit of fur. I have had him made a lion dog; but the fleas flock in such crowds into the hair he has left, that they drive him nearly frantic. . . . Apropos, as we were crossing the Seine within two stages of Paris, Roche suddenly said to me: 'The little dog 'ave got a great lip!' I was thinking of things remote . . . and couldn't comprehend why any peculiarity in this feature should excite a man so much. As I was musing upon it, my ears were attracted by shouts of 'Helo! hola! Hi, hi, hi! Le voila! Regardez!' and the like. And looking down among the oxen—we were in the centre of a numerous drove—I saw him, Timber, lying in the road, curled up like a lobster, yelping dismally in the pain of his 'lip' from the roof of the carriage; and between the aching of his bones, his horror of the oxen and his dread of me (whom he evidently took to be the immediate agent in and cause of the damage), singing out to an extent which I believe to be perfectly unprecedented; while every Frenchman and French boy within sight, roared for company. He wasn't hurt."

Writing to thank a friend for the gift of an Irish bloodhound, he says, "I cannot thank you too much for Sultan. He is a noble fellow, has fallen into the ways of the family with a grace and dignity that denote the gentleman, and came down to the railway a day or two since to

welcome me home with a profound absence of interest in my individual opinion of him, which captivated me completely. I am going home to-day to take him about the country and improve his acquaintance. You will find a perfect understanding between us, I hope, when next you come to Gad's Hill. He has only swallowed Bouncer once, and temporarily (Bouncer was his daughter's blue-eyed kitten).

Returning to Gad's Hill from a long absence, Dickens writes: "The two Newfoundland dogs, coming to meet me with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket-phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled—a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable yard, Linda (the St Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws."

Diogenes

" IF you'd like to have him, he's at the door. I brought him on purpose for you. He ain't a lady's dog, you know," said Mr Toots, " but you won't mind that, will you ? "

In fact, Diogenes was at that moment, as they presently ascertained from looking down into the street, staring through the window of a hackney cabriolet, into which . . . he had been ensnared on a false pretence of rats among the straw. Sooth to say he was as unlike a lady's dog as dog might be ; and in his gruff anxiety to get out, presented an appearance sufficiently unpromising, as he gave short yelps out of one side of his mouth, and overbalancing himself by the intensity of every one of those efforts, tumbled down into the straw, and then sprung up again, putting out his tongue as if he had come express to a dispensary to be examined for his health.

But though Diogenes was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet with on a summer's day ; a blundering, ill-favoured, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighbourhood whom it was meritorious to bark at ; and though he was far from good-tempered and certainly was not clever, and had hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice, he was dearer to Florence in virtue of

Paul's parting remembrance of him and that request that he might be taken care of, than the most valuable and beautiful of his kind. So dear, indeed, was this same ugly Diogenes, and so welcome to her, that she took the jewelled hand of Mr Toots and kissed it in her gratitude. And when Diogenes, released, came tearing up the stairs and bouncing into the room . . . diving under all the furniture, and wound a long iron chain that dangled round his neck round legs of chairs and tables, and then tugged at it until his eyes became unnaturally visible, in consequence of their nearly starting out of his head ; and when he growled at Mr Toots, who affected familiarity ; and went pell-mell at Towlinson, morally convinced that he was the enemy whom he had barked at round the corner all his life, and had never seen yet ; Florence was as pleased with him as if he had been a miracle of discretion. . . .

"Come, then, Di ! Dear Di ! Make friends with your new mistress. Let us love each other, Di !" said Florence, fondling his shaggy head. And Di, the rough and gruff, as if his hairy hide were pervious to the tear that dropped upon it, and his dog's heart melted as it fell, put his nose up to her face and swore fidelity.

Diogenes the man did not speak plainer to Alexander the Great than Diogenes the dog spoke to Florence. He subscribed to the offer of his little mistress cheerfully and devoted himself

to her service. A banquet was immediately provided for him in a corner ; and when he had eaten and drunk his fill, he went to the window where Florence was sitting, looking on, rose up on his hind legs, with his awkward fore-paws on her shoulders, licked her face and hands, nestled his great head against her heart, and wagged his tail till he was tired. Finally Diogenes coiled himself up at her feet and went to sleep.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-70)
Nicholas Nickleby

Tray

SING me a hero ! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards !

Quoth Bard the first
“ Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon . . . ”
Sir Olaf and his bard—! ’

“ That sin-scathed brow ” (quoth Bard the
second)

“ That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death . . . ”
You too without your host have reckoned !

“ A beggar-child ” (let’s hear this third !)
“ Sat on a quay’s edge : like a bird

Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. ' Dismay !
Help, you the standers-by ! ' None stirred.

" Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. ' How well he dives !

" ' Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet !
Good dog ! What, off again ? There's yet
Another child to save ? All right !

" ' How strange we saw no other fall !
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog ! But he's a long while under :
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current that, against the wall !

" ' Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be ? Well, that's prime !
Now, did you ever ? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished—the child's doll from the slime ! '

" And so amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray—
Till somebody, prerogated

With reason, reasoned : ' Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

" ' John, go and catch, or if needs be,
Purchase—that animal for me !
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul we'll see ! ' "

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-89)
(John Murray)

Dogs in George Eliot's Novels

THE moment the schoolmaster appeared at the kitchen door with the candle in his hand, a faint whimpering began in the chimney-corner, and a brown-and-tan coloured bitch, of that wise-looking breed with short legs and long body, known to an unmechanical generation as turn-spits, came creeping along the floor, wagging her tail, and hesitating at every other step, as if her affections were painfully divided between the hamper in the chimney-corner and the master, whom she could not leave without a greeting.

" Well, Vixen, well then, how are the babbies ? " said the schoolmaster, making haste towards the chimney-corner, and holding the candle over the low hamper, where two extremely blind puppies lifted their heads towards the light,

from a nest of flannel and wool. Vixen could not even see her master look at them without painful excitement: she got into the hamper and got out again the next moment, and behaved with true feminine folly, though looking all the while as wise as a dwarf with a large old-fashioned head and body on the most abbreviated legs.

Poor dog! I've a strange feeling about the dumb things, as if they wanted to speak, and it was a trouble to 'em because they couldn't. I can't help being sorry for the dogs a lump, though perhaps there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel with all our words. . . .

"When I've made up my mind that I can't afford to buy a tempting dog, I take no notice of him, because if he took a strong fancy to me, and looked lovingly at me, the struggle between arithmetic and inclination might become unpleasantly severe. I pique myself on my wisdom there."

"Hev' a dog, miss. They're better friends nor any Christian. Lor! it's a fine thing to have a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stick to you, and make no jaw."

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-80)

Geist's Grave

FOUR years ! and didst thou stay above
The ground which hides thee now, but four ?
And all that life and all that love
Were crowded, Geist, into no more ?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend ! at every turn.

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man ?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry ¹
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What, was four years their whole short day ?

Yes, only four !—and not the course
Of all the centuries to come,

¹ *Sunt lacrimæ rerum !*

And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot !
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck, thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favourite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart,
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now ;
While to each other we rehearse :
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou.

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair.

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go ;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow !

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home ;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that—thou didst not care !
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watched thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travellers on the Portsmouth road ;—
There build we thee, O guardian dear,
Marked with a stone, thy last abode !

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass
And stop before the stone and say :

*People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone it seems intend
To name for future times to know
The dachshound Geist their little friend.*¹

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-88)
(Macmillan & Co.)

The Character of Dogs

WOMAN, with the dog, has been long enfranchised. Incessant massacre of female innocents has changed the proportions of the sexes and perverted their relations. Thus, when we regard the manners of the dog, we see a romantic and monagamous animal, once perhaps as delicate as the cat, at war with im-

¹ In his *Recollections* (I. 126), Viscount Morley writes :
" Nowhere was Arnold so delighted and delightful as in his Surrey cottage, joyous in the play of warm home affection ; in watching the cedars, flowers, blossoms, lawns of his skilfully-tended garden ; in the faithful salutation of favourite bird or dog—fidelity repaid by an immortality in verse that moves the lover of the dog like the lines where the Father of Poetry makes the old hound Argos prick up his ears at the voice of his long-absent master and then close his eyes in dark death."

possible conditions. Man has much to answer for ; and the part he plays is yet more damnable and parlous than Corin's in the eyes of Touchstone. But his intervention has at least created an imperial situation for the rare surviving ladies. In that society they reign without a rival : conscious queens ; and in the only instance of a canine wife-beater that has ever fallen under my notice, the criminal was somewhat excused by the circumstances of his story. He is a little, very alert, well-bred, intelligent Skye, as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. To the human observer, he is decidedly well-looking ; but to the ladies of his race, he seems abhorrent. A thorough elaborate gentleman, of the plume and sword-knot order, he was born with a nice sense of gallantry to women. He took at their hands the most outrageous treatment ; I have heard him bleating like a sheep, I have seen him streaming blood, and his ear tattered like a regimental banner ; and yet he would scorn to make reprisals. Nay, more, when a human lady upraised the contumelious whip against the very dame who had been so cruelly misusing him, my little great-heart gave but one hoarse cry and fell upon the tyrant tooth and nail. This is the tale of a soul's tragedy. After three years of unavailing chivalry, he suddenly, in one hour, threw off the yoke of obligation ; had he been Shakespeare he would then have written

Troilus and Cressida to brand the offending sex ; but being only a little dog, he began to bite them. The surprise of the ladies whom he attacked indicated the monstrosity of his offence ; but he had fairly beaten off his better angel, fairly committed moral suicide ; for almost in the same hour, throwing aside the last rags of decency, he proceeded to attack the aged also. The fact is worth remark, showing, as it does, that ethical laws are common both to dogs and men ; and that with both a single deliberate violation of the conscience loosens all. " But while the lamp holds on to burn," says the paraphrase, " the greatest sinner may return." I have been cheered to see symptoms of effectual penitence in my sweet ruffian ; and by the handling that he accepted uncomplainingly the other day from an indignant fair one, I begin to hope the period of *Sturm und Drang* is closed.

R. L. STEVENSON (1850-94)
Memories and Portraits
(Chatto & Windus)

At a Dog's Grave

I

GOOD-NIGHT, we say, when comes the time
to win

The daily death divine that shuts up sight,
Sleep, that assures for all who dwell therein
Good-night.

The shadow shed round those we love shines
bright

As love's own face, when death, sleep's gentler
twin,

From them divides us even as night from light.

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to usward
plight,

Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin,
Good-night ?

II

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came,
To die.

His years were full : his years were joyous : why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye ?

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave
 rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
 To die.

III

White violets, there by hands more sweet than they
Planted, shall sweeten Aprils flowerful air
About a grave that shows to night and day
 White violets there.

A child's light hands, whose touch makes flowers
 more fair,
Keep fair as these for many a March and May
That light of days that are because they were.

It shall not like a blossom pass away ;
It broods and brightens with the days that bear
Fresh fruits of love, but leave, as love might pray,
 White violets there.

A. C. SWINBURNE (1837-1909)
 (Heinemann)

III
TWENTIETH CENTURY

If a man does not soon pass beyond the thought "By what shall this dog profit me?" into the large state of simple gladness to be with dog, he shall never know the very essence of that companionship which depends not on the points of dog, but on some strange and subtle mingling of mute spirits. For it is by muteness that a dog becomes for one so utterly beyond value, with him one is at peace where words play no torturing tricks. When he just sits loving and knows that he is being loved, those are the moments that I think are precious to a dog: when, with his adoring soul coming through his eyes, he feels that you are really thinking of him. . . .

JOHN GALSWORTHY
Memories

The Use of Dogs in Polar Exploration

THE VOYAGE OF THE DISCOVERY.¹

THE use of dogs for sledging is a subject about which there has been much controversy. Broadly speaking, there are two ways in which dogs may be used—they may be taken with the idea of bringing them all back safe and sound, or they may be treated as pawns in the game, from which the best value is to be got regardless of their lives. . . . This method of using dogs is one which can only be adopted with reluctance. One cannot calmly contemplate the murder of animals which possess such intelligence, which have frequently such endearing qualities, and which very possibly one has learnt to regard as friends and companions. On the other hand, it may be pointed out with good reason that to forego the great objects which may be achieved by the sacrifice of dog-life is carrying sentiment to undue length. . . . My plans for utilising our dog-team was compounded of the two methods which I have sketched above. We faced the situation that the weaker animals must be sacrificed to the exigencies of the work, though we hoped that a remnant of the larger and stronger beasts would survive to enjoy again a life of luxury and ease ; but, as events turned out, we saved none : all were lost under the

¹ John Murray.

unavoidable pressure of circumstances. Probably our experience was an exceptionally sad one in this respect, but it left in each one of our small party an unconquerable aversion to the employment of dogs in this ruthless fashion. . . .

The harness, as regards the dog itself, we kept a permanency. Each dog was measured for his suit and then it was sewn securely about him. . . . We had also many trials to find out how the dogs should be placed with regard to the sledge, finally arranging a long central trace along which they were secured in pairs. . . . Even with this simple arrangement the traces would sometimes be worked into a bad tangle, which it was only possible to unravel with bare fingers—a task which was not looked forward to with any pleasure, especially in the early morning. In this respect there is a curious habit in dogs which appears to be some revival of a remote wild age and which most people will doubtless have noticed: a dog rarely coils himself down to sleep without turning round several times, as though arranging some imaginary lair. However pleasing this habit may be to watch on ordinary occasions, one does not contemplate it with delight in a sledge dog, knowing that one will eventually have to disentangle the twisted confusion that results. . . .

.

There can be few scenes more beautiful than that which is about us on a calm moonlight

night. During the noon hours the silver rays are lost, and the moon itself is changed to a deep orange yellow in the diffused twilight cast by the gleaming crimson band to the north; but as the red glow slowly travels around and is lost behind the western hills, our white world is left alone with the moon and the stars. The cold, white light falls on the colder, whiter snow against which the dark rock and the intricate outline of the ship stand out in blackest contrast. Each sharp peak and every object about us casts a deep shadow and is clearly outlined against the sky, but beyond our immediate surroundings is fairyland. The eye travels on and on over the gleaming plain till it meets the misty white horizon, and above and beyond the soft, silvery outlines of the mountains. Did one not know them of old, it would sometimes be difficult to think them real, so deep a spell of enchantment seems to rest on the scene. And indeed it is not a spell that rests on man alone, for it is on such nights that the dogs lift up their voices and join in a chant which disturbs the most restful sleepers.

What lingering instinct of bygone ages can impel them to this extraordinary custom is beyond guessing; but on these calm, clear moonlit nights, when all are coiled down placidly sleeping, one will suddenly raise his head and from the depths of his throat send forth a prolonged, dismal wail, utterly unlike any sound he can produce on ordinary occasions. As the

note dies away another animal takes it up, and then another and another, until the hills re-echo with the same unutterable dreary plaint. There is no undue haste and no snapping or snarling, which makes it very evident that this is a solemn function, some sacred rite which must be performed in these circumstances. If one is sentimentally inclined, as may be forgiven on such a night, this chorus almost seems to possess the woes of ages: as an accompaniment to the vast desolation without, it touches the lowest depths of sadness.

But if one is not sentimentally inclined, and rather bent on refreshing sleep, it possesses so little charm that one endeavours to correct matters by shouts and pieces of ice. As a rule the animals are so absorbed in their occupation and so lost to their surroundings that even these monitions have no power to disturb them, and one has at length to bribe them basely with a biscuit or a piece of seal-meat.

I do not think it would be possible to take more care of the dogs than we do. Each dog has his own particular master among the men, and each master seems to take a particular delight in seeing that his animal is well cared for. The most thoughtful are constantly out building extra shelters, covering the kennels with sacking and generally endeavouring to make their charges comfortable.

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION¹

On the Voyage. . . . The dogs are in great form again ; for them the greatest circumstance of discomfort is to be constantly wet. It was this circumstance, prolonged throughout the gale, which nearly lost us our splendid leader "Osman." In the morning he was discovered utterly exhausted and only feebly trembling ; life was very nearly out of him. He was buried in hay, and lay so for twenty-four hours, refusing food—the wonderful hardihood of his species was again shown by the fact that within another twenty-four hours he was to all appearance as fit as ever. . . .

Later.—Sledging began as usual this morning ; seven ponies and the dog teams were hard at it all the forenoon. I ran six journeys with five dogs, driving them in the Siberian fashion for the first time. It was not difficult, but I kept forgetting the Russian words at critical moments. . . .

The dogs are very tired to-night. I have definitely handed control of the second team to Wilson. He was very eager to have it and will do well I'm sure—but certainly also the dogs will not pull heavy loads. Five hundred pounds proved a back-breaking load for eleven

¹ On this expedition Scott had 33 sledging dogs, 31 Siberian and 2 Esquimaux. They were gifted to the expedition by various English schools.

dogs to-day—they brought it at a snail's pace. Meares has estimated to give them two-thirds of a pound of biscuit a day. I have felt sure he will find this too little. . . .

Hunger and fear are the only realities in dog life.¹ An empty stomach makes a fierce dog. There is something almost alarming in the sudden fierce display of natural instinct in a tame creature. Instinct becomes a blind, unreasoning, relentless passion. For instance, the dogs are, as a rule, all very good friends in harness: they pull side by side, rubbing shoulders, they walk over each other as they nestle to rest, relations seem quite peaceful and quiet. But the moment food is in their thoughts their passions awaken; each dog is suspicious of his neighbour, and the smallest circumstance produces a fight. With like suddenness their rage flares out instantaneously if they get mixed up on the march — a quiet, peaceable team which has been lazily stretching itself with wagging tails one moment will become a set of raging, tearing, fighting devils the next. It is such stern facts that resign one to the sacrifice of animal life in the effort to advance such human projects as this.

¹ Scott, it must be remembered, is speaking of dogs not very far removed from wolf forbears.

IMPRESSIONS

The deep dreamless sleep that follows the long march and the satisfying supper. The surface crust which breaks with a snap and sinks with a snap, startling men and animals.

Custom robs it of dread but not of interest to the dogs, who come to imagine such sounds as the result of some strange freak of hidden creatures. They become all alert and spring from side to side, hoping to catch the creature. The hope clings in spite of continual disappointment.

A dog must be either eating, asleep, or *interested*. His eagerness to snatch at interest, to chain his attention to something, is almost pathetic. The monotony of marching kills him.

This is the fearfullest difficulty for the dog driver on a snow plain without leading marks or objects in sight. The dog is almost human in its demand for living interest, yet fatally less than human in its inability to foresee.

The dog lives for the day, the hour, even the moment. The human being can live and support discomfort for a future. . . .

The way in which they keep up a steady jog-trot for hour after hour is wonderful. Their legs seem steel springs, fatigue unknown—for at the end of a tiring march any unusual incident will arouse them to full vigour. . . .

(About a month later, however, after new trials and discouragements, Scott writes, "Bit

by bit I am losing all faith in the dogs. I'm afraid they will never go the pace we look for.'')

The dogs are the main sufferers by this continuance of phenomenally terrible weather. At least four are in a bad state ; some six or seven others are by no means fit and well, but oddly enough some ten or a dozen animals are as fit as they can be. . . . It is so impossible to keep the dogs comfortable in the traces and so laborious to be continually attempting it, that we have decided to let the majority run loose. It will be wonderful if we can avoid one or two murders, but on the other hand, probably more would die if we kept them in leash. . . . We shall try and keep the quarrelsome dogs chained up. The main trouble that seems to come on the poor wretches is the icing up of their hindquarters ; once the ice gets thoroughly into the coat the hind legs get half-paralysed with cold. The hope is that the animals will free themselves of this by running about.

At one of the series of lectures I gave an outline of my plans next season. . . . I could not but hint that in my opinion the problem of reaching the Pole can best be solved by relying on the ponies and manhaulage. . . . Everyone seems to distrust the dogs when it comes to glacier and summit.¹

¹ As a matter of fact, dogs accompanied the last expedition for some distance, being sent back when conditions of travel became unsuitable for them, and when the party had to be divided that the rations might last the longer.

During our trip to the ice, and the sledge journey, one of our dogs, Vaida, was especially distinguished for his savage temper and generally uncouth manners. He became a bad wreck with his poor coat at Hut Point, and in this condition I used to massage him; at first the operation was mistrusted, and only continued to the accompaniment of much growling, but later he evidently grew to like the warming effect and sidled up to me whenever I came out of the hut, though still with some suspicion. On returning here he seemed to know me at once, and now comes and buries his head in my legs whenever I go out of doors; he allows me to rub him and push him about without the slightest protest and scampers about me as I walk abroad. He is a strange beast—I imagine so unused to kindness that it took him time to appreciate it. . . . Ponting and Gran went round the bergs late last night. On returning they saw a dog coming over the floe from the north. The animal rushed towards and leapt about them with every sign of intense joy. Then they realized that it was our long lost Julick. His mane was crusted with blood and he smelt strongly of seal blubber—his stomach was full, but the sharpness of backbone showed that this condition had only been temporary. By daylight he looks very fit and strong, and he is evidently very pleased to be home again. We are absolutely at a loss to account for his

adventures. It is exactly a month since he was missed—what on earth can have happened to him all this time? One would give a great deal to hear his tale. Everything is against the theory that he was a wilful absentee—his previous habits and his joy at getting back. . . . I cannot but think the animal has been cut off, but this can only have happened by his being carried away on broken sea ice, and as far as we know the open water has never been nearer than ten or twelve miles at the least. It is another enigma.

On the last Expedition.—The dogs are simply splendid. . . . I take them on for half a day to-morrow, and then send them back home (to the Hut). . . .

The dogs should get back quite easily; there is food all along the line. . . .

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R.N.

A Dithyramb on a Dog

CHUM, roped securely to a cherry tree, is barking at the universe in general and at the cows in the paddock beyond the orchard in particular. Occasionally he pauses to snap at passing bees, of which the orchard is full on this bright May morning; but he soon tires of this diversion and resumes his loud-voiced demand to share in the good things that are going. For the sun is high, the cuckoo is shouting over the

valley and the woods are calling him to unknown adventures. They shall not call in vain. Work shall be suspended and this morning shall be dedicated to his service. For this is the day of deliverance. The word is spoken and the shadow of the sword is lifted. The battle for his biscuit is won.

He does not know what a narrow shave he has had. He does not know that for weeks past he has been under sentence of death as an encumbrance, a luxury that this savage world of men could no longer afford ; that having taken away his bones we were about to take away his biscuits and leave his cheerful companionship a memory of the dream world we lived in before the Great Killing began. All this he does not know. That is one of the numerous advantages of being a dog. He knows nothing of the infamies of men or of the incertitudes of life. He does not look before and after and pine for what is not. He has no yesterday and no to-morrow—only the happy or the unhappy present. He does not, as Whitman says, "lie awake at night thinking of his soul," or lamenting his past or worrying about his future. His bereavements do not disturb him and he doesn't care twopence about his career. He has no debts and hungers for no honours. He would rather have a bone than a baronetcy. He does not turn over old albums, with their pictured records of forgotten holidays and happy scenes, and yearn for the

"tender grace of a day that is dead," or wonder whether he will keep his job and what will become of his "poor old family," as Stevenson used to say, if he doesn't, or speculate whether the war will end this year, next year, some time, or never. He doesn't even know there is a war. Think of it! He doesn't know there is a war. O happy dog! Give him a bone, a biscuit, a good word, and a scamper in the woods, and his cup of joy is full. Would that my needs were as few and as easily satisfied.

And now his biscuit is safe and I have the rare privilege of rejoicing with Sir Frederick Banbury. I do not know that I should go so far as he seems to go, for in that touching little speech of his at the Cannon Street Hotel he indicated that nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath should stand between him and his dogs. "In August 1914," he said, "my son went to France. The night before he left he said, 'Father, look after my dogs and horses while I am away.' I said, 'Don't you worry about them.' He was killed in December, and I have got the horses and dogs now. As I said to Mr Bonar Law last year, I should like to see the man who would tell me I have not to look after my son's dogs and horses." Well, I suppose that if the choice were between a German victory and a dog biscuit, the dog biscuit would have to go, Sir Frederick. But I rejoice with you that we have not to make the choice. I

rejoice that the sentence of death has passed from your dead son's horses and dogs, and from that noble creature under the cherry tree.

Look at him, barking now at the cows, now with eloquent appeal to me, and then, having caught my eye, turning sportively to worry the hated rope. He knows that my intentions this morning are honourable. I think he feels that, in spite of appearances, I am in that humour in which at any radiant moment the magic word "Walk" may leap from my lips. What a word that is. No sleep so sound that it will not penetrate its depths and bring him, passionately awake, to his feet. He would sacrifice the whole dictionary for that one electric syllable. That and its brother "Bones." Give him these good, sound, sensible words, and all the fancies of the poets and all the rhetoric of the statesmen may whistle down the winds. He has no use for them. "Walk" and "Bones"—that is the speech a fellow can understand.

Yes, Chum knows very well that I am thinking about him, and thinking about him in an uncommonly friendly way. That is the secret of the strange intimacy between us. We may love other animals, and other animals may respond to our affection, but the dog is the only animal who has a reciprocal intelligence. As Coleridge says, he is the only animal that *looks upward* to man, strains to catch his meanings, hungers for his approval. Stroke a cat or a

horse, and it will have a physical pleasure ; but pat Chum and call him " Good dog ! " and he has a spiritual pleasure. He feels good. He is pleased because you are pleased. His tail, his eyebrows, every part of him proclaim that " God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," and that he himself is on the side of the angels.

And just as he has the sense of virtue, so also he has the sense of sin. A cat may be taught not to do certain things, but if it is caught out and flees, it flees not from shame, but from fear. But the shame of a dog touches an abyss of misery as bottomless as any human emotion. He has fallen out of the state of grace, and nothing but the absolution and remission of his sin will restore him to happiness. By his association with man he seems to have caught something of his capacity for spiritual misery. I had an Airedale once who had moods of despondency as abysmal as my own. He was as sentimental as any minor poet, and at the sound of certain tunes on the piano he would break into paroxysms of grief, whining and moaning as if, in one moment of concentrated anguish, he recalled every bereavement he had endured, every bone he had lost, every stone heaved at him by his hated enemy, the butcher's boy. Indeed, there are times when the dog approximates so close to our intelligence that he seems to be of us, a sort of humble relation of ourselves, with our elementary feelings, but not our gift of expression, our joy

but not our laughter, our misery but not our tears, our thoughts but not our speech. To sentence him to death would be almost like homicide, and the day of his reprieve should be celebrated as a festival. . . .

Come, old friend. Let us away to the woods.
"Walk."

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH
(J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.)

To Rufus : A Spaniel

RUFUS, a bright New Year ! A savoury stew,
Bones, broth, and biscuits, is prepared for
you.

See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch ;
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed) ;
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.
High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is
done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,

There shall you come, and on your long-haired
mat,

Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's Day.

Rufus ! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits
earn.

Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet ;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be ;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and goodwill.
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears ;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When Ray obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy—so they are :
Nature so formed them that they might go far ;

They cannot brook your music ; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind, and heart, and all my little hound.
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours ; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part ;
If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive ;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy ;
If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
Speak through your eyes, and all his love engage ;
If by that master's wish your life you rule—
If this be folly, Rufus, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you ; Rufus, have no fear :
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When Rufus goes to mingle with the dust
(If fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark ;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in : since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.

There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be
dumb—

Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognizing ear,
And last, oh, rapture ! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. LEHMANN
Crumbs of Pity
(Blackwood)

To a Terrier

C RIB, on your grave beneath the chestnut
boughs,

To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which
you drowse

In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,
Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,
Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.

And yet, mayhap, some night when shadows pass,
And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,
That should one whistle 'neath a favouring star
Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass,
Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,
Ere Death, the Dog-Thief, carried you afar !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS
(November 1910)

Patsy

PUPPY DOG, rough as a bramble,
Eyed like a saint,
Beggar to slobber and gambol,
Corky and quaint,
Chasing your tail like a fubsy turbillion,
Plaguing a playmate with fuss of a million
Gnats,
But keen as a kestrel
And fierce as a stoat is,
A-thrill to ancestral
Furies at notice
Of rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats !

And as you sleep off a surfeit,
Mischief and tea,
Prone on the summer-warm turf, it
Surely must be
(Rapturous whimper and tremulant twitching),
Somewhere or other there's hunting bewitching ;
That's
More blessed than biscuit ;
I'll lay, through your slumbers,
They squeak and they frisk it
In shadowy numbers,
R-r-rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS
Green Days and Blue Days
(Maunsell)

Pelléas

... **I**N the aggregate of intelligent creatures that have rights, duties, a mission, and a destiny, the dog is a really privileged animal. He occupies in this world a position that stands alone, and is enviable among all. He is the only living being that has found and recognizes an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable and definite god. He knows to what to devote the best that is in him. He knows to whom above him to give himself. He has not to seek for a perfect, superior, and infinite power in the darkness, amid successive lies, hypotheses, and dreams. That power is there, before him ; and he moves in its light. He knows the supreme duties which we all do not know. He has a morality which surpasses all that he is able to discover within himself and which he can practise without scruple and without fear. He possesses truth in its fulness. He has a positive and certain ideal.

And it was thus that, the other day, before his illness, I saw my little Pelléas sitting on his tail at the foot of my writing-table, his head a little on one side the better to question me, at once attentive and tranquil, as a saint should be in the presence of God. He was happy with the happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it sprang from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his

own. He was there, studying, drinking in all my looks, and he replied to them gravely, as from equal to equal, to inform me, no doubt, that, at least through the eyes, the almost immaterial organ that transformed into affectionate intelligence the light which we enjoyed, he well knew that he was saying to me all that love should say. And, when I saw him thus, young, ardent, and believing, bringing me in some wise, from the depths of unwearied nature, quite fresh news of life, trusting and wonder-struck, as though he were the first of his race that had come to inaugurate the earth, and as though we were still in the first days of the world's existence, I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunged on every side in darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
My Dog
(George Allen & Unwin)

The Affectation of the Female Dog

M. MAETERLINCK has written of dogs with deep discernment, yet not, I think, in quite the right spirit. No dogs, save perhaps hounds, should speak of "Master," or "Mistress." The relationship should be as that of a parent; at farthest, that of a fond governess. R. L.

Stevenson's Essay, "The Character of Dogs," treats of dogs with all his enchanting perception and subtlety, and contains the matchless phrase "That mass of carneying affectations, the female dog"; yet memorable as the phrase is, I would venture to protest against the assumption that is implicit in it, namely, that affectation is a thing to be reprobated. Martin's and my opinion has ever been that it is one of the most bewitching of qualities. I believe I rather enjoy it in young ladies; I adore it in "the female dog." But it must be genuine affectation. The hauteur of a fox-terrier lady with a stranger cad-dog is made infinitely more precious by the certainty that when the Parent's eye is removed, it will immediately become transmuted into the most unbridled familiarity.

E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS
Irish Memories
(Longmans)

"A Lamb at Home: a Lion in the Chase"

TO-MORROW proved a heavenly morning, touched with frost, gilt with sun. I started early, and the mists were still smoking up from the calm, all-reflecting lake as the Quaker stepped out along the level road, smashing the thin ice on the puddles with his big feet. Behind the

calves of my legs sat Maria, Philippa's brown Irish water-spaniel, assiduously licking the barrels of my gun, as was her custom when the ecstasy of going out shooting was hers. Maria had been given to Philippa as a wedding-present, and since then it had been my wife's ambition that she should conform to the Beth-Gelert standard of being "a lamb at home, a lion in the chase." Maria did pretty well as a lion: she hunted all dogs unmistakably smaller than herself, and whenever it was reasonably possible to do so she devoured the spoils of the chase, notably Jack Snipe. It was as a lamb that she failed; objectionable as I have no doubt a lamb would be as a domestic pet, it at least would not snatch the cold beef from the luncheon table, nor yet, if banished for its crimes, would it spend the night in scratching the paint off the hall door. Maria bit beggars (who valued their disgusting limbs at five shillings the square inch), she bullied the servants, she concealed ducks' claws and fishes' backbones behind the sofa cushions, and yet, when she laid her brown snout upon my knee, and rolled her blackguard amber eyes upon me, it was impossible to remember her iniquities against her. On shooting mornings Maria ceased to be a buccaneer, a glutton, and a hypocrite. From the moment when I put my gun together, her breakfast stood untouched until it suffered the final degradation of being eaten by the cats, and now in the trap she was

shivering with excitement, and agonizing in her soul lest she should even yet be left behind.

E. Æ. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS
Experiences of an Irish R.M.
(Longmans)

A Sensitive Soul

LITTLE Lizzie was sitting in the stable yard waiting for his return ; she crept into the house after him, and followed him to the room known as his office. She watched him as he threw himself down in an arm-chair and began to try and read a book . . . and then betook herself to her own basket in a remote corner. She did not lie down, but sat with her head up, and her small eyes fixed on him as if he were a hole from which, at any moment, a rat's head might emerge. Lizzie never obtruded her affection on the god of her adoration ; she disapproved of demonstrations as much, even, as Mrs Palliser, but she, unlike Mrs Palliser, had a soul as sensitive as an aneroid to variations of mood. When Dan dropped the book, and leaned back in his chair with a long sigh of nerve-tension . . . she understood that he was troubled, and consequently in need of the prop of her presence. She noiselessly left her basket and stole across the room, and abruptly poked a nose as sharp and fine as a fox's into the big

listless hand that hung near to the floor over the edge of the chair. The hand instinctively gathered the little head into it, fondlingly. She waited an instant, and then, with a hop sparingly adjusted to the effort of reaching Dan's knee, she landed herself in the haven where she would be, and having given the god's chin a lick so brief and stern and dry as to suggest the striking of a match, she settled down, with a slight groan, on his knees.

"Thank you, Lizzie," said Dan, who was always polite to dogs, "that's very kind of you. But I'm afraid you can't help me much."

E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS
An Enthusiast
(Longmans)

Sir Bat-Ears

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Proprietors of
Punch.)

SIR BAT-EARS was a dog of birth
And bred in Aberdeen,
But he favoured not his noble kin
And so his lot is mean.
And Sir Bat-Ears sits by the alms-houses
On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway
His pleasure is to wait
Between the two stone pine-apples
That flank the weathered gate ;

And old, old alms-persons go by,
All rusty, bent, and black,
“ Good day, good day, Sir Bat-Ears ! ”
They say, and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,
Shaking and wellnigh dead,
“ Good-night, good-night, Sir Bat-Ears ! ”
They say, and pat his head.

So courted and considered
He sits out hour by hour,
Benignant in the sunshine
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm
And stiffly breast the rain,
That rising when the cloud is gone,
He leaves a circle of dry stone
Thereon to sit again.)

A dozen little doorsteps
Under the arch are seen,
A dozen agèd alms-persons
To keep them bright and clean ;

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step
With a square of yellow stone—
But print-marks of Sir Bat-Ears’ paws
Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,
But, though his board be bare,
There never lacks a bone of the best
To be Sir Bat-Ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,
He quests from door to door ;
Their grace they say, his shadow grey
Is instant on the floor—
Humblest of all the dogs there be,
A pensioner of the poor.

HELEN PARRY EDEN

The Moral Power of the Dog

ON the shores of a lake in Travancore, not far from the remote cantonment of Quillon, stands a monument to the memory of a dog. He was left to watch his master's clothes while bathing. Presently he was seen to be doing everything in his power to attract attention, by barking and running excitedly backwards and forwards on the shore. An advancing ripple was then discerned on the smooth surface of the lake, and the next instant the meaning of this flashed home. A crocodile had got between the swimmer and the landing-place, and was coming out to seize his prey. Hope might well

have been stricken dead in the face of such a situation. But the dog did not hesitate. Plunging into the water, he swam out to get between the horrid reptile and his master, and thus to head him off. It meant his own certain death ; but the saving of his master's life. A moment later there was a violent agitation of the water, and the dog disappeared for ever. Thus there stands to record his splendid action this well-known monument, erected by his master in deepest gratitude, and that passers-by might learn of what a dog is capable.

. . . It is because of the exhibition of such qualities that the moral power of the dog reaches to greater lengths than is generally supposed. There is indeed ample evidence for believing that the beauties often traceable in the character of the dog react unconsciously, and for infinite good, upon the roughest of our own kind. . . .

In Kingsley's *Hypatia*, Raphael Ben Azra, his head filled with a false philosophy, is made again and again to act otherwise than he would by the mastiff Bran. The "dog looks up in his face as only a dog can," and causes him to follow her and to retrace his steps against his will. There are her puppies. Is she to leave them to their fate ? He tells her to choose between the ties of family and duty : it is a specious form of appeal. To her, duties began with the family ; the puppies cannot be left behind. Nor can she carry them herself. She takes Raphael

by the skirt, after bringing the puppies to him one by one. He must carry them, she tells him ; and once again he finds himself doing the opposite of what he would : the puppies are transferred to his blanket, and he and his dog go forward together.

. . . The experiences of the philosopher in the novel are only those of many in real life. Man is not the only civilizing agent in this world of many mysteries. And if we often exclaim, " Bother the dog ! " we have still very frequently to follow where he leads, and often to our most definite enrichment in the end.

GAMBIER PARRY

Murphy

(John Murray)

To an English Sheep-Dog

OLD Dog, what times we had, you, she, and I,
Since first you came and with your trustful
air

Blundered into her lap—a valiant, shy,
Small tub-shaped woolly bear.

What lovely days we had ; how fast they flew
In hill-side ramblings, gallopings by the sea :
You grew too large for laps but never grew
Too large for loyalty.

We have known friends who living passed away—
Your faith no man could turn, no passion kill ;
Even when Death called, you would scarce obey
 Until you knew our will.

Out in the fields I bore you in my arms,
Dear Thick-Coat, on your grave the grasses spring ;
But He that sees no sparrow meets with harms
 Hath your soul's shepherding.

And will that King who knows all hearts and ways
Kennel you where the winds blow long and fair,
That you who ever loathed the warm still days
 May snuff an upland air ?

And will He let you scamper o'er the meads
Where His hills close their everlasting ranks,
And show you pools that mirror gray-green reeds
 To cool your heaving flanks ?

And will He feed you with good things at even,
Bringing the bowl with His own hands maybe ?
And will you, hunting in your dreams in Heaven,
 Dream that you hunt with me ?

Yes, you will not forget ; and when we come,
What time or by what gate we may not tell,
Hastening to meet our friend that men called dumb
 Across the ditch of Hell,

You'll hear—you first of all—oh, strong and fleet,
How you will dash, an arrow to the mark !
Lord ! there'll be deaf angels when we meet—
And you leap up and bark !

R. E. VERNÈDE
Killed in Action, April 1917
(Heinemann)

Dogs as Companions

THEY are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. . . . And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk, why he doesn't write a play. They never say unkind things. They never tell us our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not at inconvenient moments mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. . . . They never inform us, like our inamoratas sometimes do, that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them. He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong,

never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honour or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, give his life for you, if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog !

JEROME K. JEROME
Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow
(Hurst & Blackett)

The Pessimist

HIS body bulged with puppies—little eyes
Peeped out of every pocket, black and
bright ;

And with as innocent, round-eyed surprise
He watched the glittering traffic of the night.

“ What this world's coming to I cannot tell,”
He muttered as I passed him, with a whine—
“ Things surely must be making slap for hell,
When no one wants these little dogs of mine.”

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON
Friends
(Elkin Mathews)

Riquet

QUARTER-DAY had come. With his sister and daughter Monsieur Bergeret was leaving the dilapidated old house in the Rue de Seine to take up his abode in a modern flat in the Rue de Vaugirard. Such was the decision of Zoë and the fates.

During the long hours of the morning Riquet wandered sadly through the devastated rooms. His most cherished habits were upset. Strange men, badly dressed, rude and foul-mouthed, disturbed his repose. They penetrated even to the kitchen, where they stepped into his dish of biscuit and his bowl of fresh water. The chairs were carried off as fast as he curled himself up on them; the carpets were pulled roughly from under his weary limbs. There was no abiding place for him, not even in his own home.

To his credit be it said that at first he attempted resistance . . . he barked furiously at the enemy. But no one responded to his appeal; no one encouraged him; there was no doubt about it, his efforts were regarded with disapproval. . . . Henceforth he would abstain from useless warnings. He would cease to strive alone for the public weal. In silence he deplored the devastation of the household. From room to room he sought in vain for a little quiet. When the furniture removers penetrated into a room where he had taken refuge, he prudently hid

beneath an as yet unmolested table or chest of drawers. But this precaution proved worse than useless ; for soon the piece of furniture tottered over him, rose, then fell with a crash, threatening to crush him. Terrified, with his hair all turned up the wrong way, he fled to another refuge no safer than the first. But these inconveniences and even dangers were as nothing to the agony he was suffering at heart. His sentiments were the most deeply affected.

The household furniture he regarded not as things inert, but as living benevolent creatures, beneficent spirits, whose departure foreshadowed cruel misfortunes. Dishes, sugar-basins, pots and pans, all the kitchen divinities ; arm-chairs, carpets, cushions, all the fetishes of the hearth, its lares and its domestic gods had vanished. He could not believe that so great a disaster would ever be repaired. And sorrow filled his little heart to overflowing. Fortunately Riquet's heart resembled human hearts in being easily distracted and quick to forget its misfortunes. . . .

In the street, Monsieur Bergeret and his dog beheld the sad sight of their household furniture scattered over the pavement. . . . Riquet was patting his master's legs with his paws, looking up at him with sorrowing beautiful eyes, which seemed to say :

"Thou, who wert once so rich and powerful, canst thou have become poor ? Canst thou have lost thy power, O my Master ? Thou

permittest men clothed in vile rags to invade
 thy sitting-room, thy bedroom, thy dining-room,
 to throw themselves upon thy furniture and
 pull it out of doors, to drag down the staircase
 thy deep arm-chair, thy chair and mine, for in
 it we repose side by side in the evening, and
 sometimes in the morning too. I heard it groan
 in the arms of those tatter demalions; that
 chair which is a fetish and a benignant spirit.
 Thou didst offer no resistance to the invaders.
 But if thou dost no longer possess any of those
 genii who once filled thy dwelling, if thou hast
 lost all, even those little divinities, which thou
 didst put on in the morning when getting out
 of bed, those slippers which I used to bite in
 my play, if thou art indigent and poor, O my
 Master, then what will become of me? "

THE MEDITATIONS OF RIQUET

Men, beasts, and stones grow great as they
 come near and loom enormous when they are
 upon me. I remain equally great wherever
 I am.

.

My master keeps me warm when I lie behind
 him in his chair. It is because he is a god. In
 front of the fire-place is a hot stone. That stone
 is divine.

.

I speak when I please. From my master's mouth proceed likewise sounds which make sense. But his meaning is not so clear as that expressed by the sounds of my voice. Every sound that I utter has a meaning. From my master's lips come forth many idle noises. It is difficult but necessary to divine the thoughts of the master.

To eat is good. To have eaten is better. For the enemy who lieth in wait to take your food is quick and crafty.

All is flux and reflux. I alone remain.

I am the centre of all things; men, beasts, and things, friendly and adverse, are ranged about me.

Prayer.—O my master, Bergeret, god of courage, I adore thee. When thou art terrible, be thou praised. When thou art kind, be thou praised. I crouch at thy feet: I lick thy hands. When, seated before thy table spread, thou devourest meats in abundance, thou art very great and very beautiful. Very great art thou and very beautiful when, striking fire out of a thin splint of wood, thou changest night into day. Keep me in thine house and keep out every other dog. And thou, Angélique, the cook, divinity good

and great, I fear thee and I venerate thee in order
that thou mayest give me much to eat.

Men possess the divine power of opening all
doors. I by myself am only able to open a few.
Doors are great fetishes which do not readily
obey dogs.

It is impossible to know whether one has acted
well towards men. One must worship them
without seeking to understand them. Their
wisdom is mysterious.

ANATOLE FRANCE
*Crainquebille*¹

Hamish : A Scots Terrier

LITTLE lad, little lad, and who's for an airing,
Who's for the river and who's for a run ;
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun ?
Down in the sedges the water-rats revel,
Up in the woods there are bunnies at play,
With a weather-eye wide for a Little Black Devil,
But the Little Black Devil won't come to-day.
To-day at the farm the ducks may slumber,
To-day may the tabbies an anthem raise,
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
To-day untroubled may go their ways :

¹ Quoted from the authorized translation (John Lane).

To-day is an end of the shepherd's labour,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray,
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbour,
Says, " What's old Hamish about to-day ? "

Ay, what indeed, in the nether spaces
Will the soul of a little black dog despair ?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with shadow faces,
And how will he tackle the strange beasts there ?
Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly, if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily, softly whistling—
That's how the Little Black Devil was made.

Then well-a-day for a " cantie callant,"
A heart of gold and a soul of glee—
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant—
Teacher maybe of you and me.
Spread the turf on him high and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true,
" Here lies Hamish, the Little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his Mistress too."

HILTON BROWN
Spectator, February 22, 1913

Danny : The Story of a Dandie Dinmont

(Danny is lying on the bed of his dying mistress.)

THEY tried to entice him from her room with soft words and meat-offerings ; they sought to hound him forth with hushed abuse and bullyings ; but he lay at the foot of her bed like a sea-gray log and refused to budge.

Then Deborah Awe made an effort to carry him away by force : in vain.

" Dirty tyke ! " she muttered. " He heavies himsel' till I canna lift him. . . . "

" Better not try, Deb," urged the voice from the bed. " You'll only hurt yourself. "

" Eh, but ye heard what the Doctor said, dearie ? "

" But the Doctor's an owl, Deb," came the voice. " What was it he said about your herb tea ? *Quack-Quack*, wasn't it ? "

" And one day he will be called to his account for thae words," said the grim Woman. " But there ! What's a man like to know of sickness ? let alone a Doctor. "

She marched out, and as the door closed, Missie, lying with pale face and clouds of aureole hair, winked, while Danny smote a resounding blow upon the bed with his tail.

Later, while she slept, there came the Laird himself, he of the great hands and thunder brow whom Danny hated, and bore him away to the

birch-woods on the face of the brae, and there lost him in the evening at the time when the wild things of the woods begin to stir for their night-huntings. But Danny, who of wont needed no cajoling to go a-slaying, would not be tempted now.

Before the Laird was clear of the woods Danny was off the hill-side, stealing over dewy lawns, quiet as the shadow of coming night, guilty as a haunted soul. He entered the house by way of the open window of the morning-room, crept up to his lady's chamber, and there lay outside the door, so still that when the Woman, hurrying ungainly, entered, he, ambushed behind her, entered too.

There he hid beneath the muslin curtains of the dressing-table, and did not stir forth till she was gone. Then tilting up against the bed, he licked the long fingers that drooped from beneath the coverlet.

They stirred, seeking his brow.

"That you, Danny?" said a sleepy voice, and did not seem at all displeased. So, velvet-footed, he leaped upon the bed and crept along it till he came to the pillows with the shadowy pale face upon them, weary with the toil of living.

With tender teeth he pinched her ear as he was wont to do to show her that he was there and loved her; and she shook her head and smiled, not opening her eyes.

So he laid his gray muzzle along the pillows and lay there beside her, watching her.

Later, there sounded along the passage a

ponderous hushed tramp as of an elephant marching upon his toes.

"Master, Danny!" whispered his lady, with dark-frilled eyes still shut. And Danny, with bristling back, waited until the feet were at the door, then stole off the bed and crept beneath it.

But he of the thunder brow marked a tail like a trail of dew vanishing away, thrust in a brutal hand and haled him forth, and holding him prisoner, marched to the door still with hushed elephantine tread. . . .

(A few days pass . . .)

At noon Danny stole out of his prison . . . and made for the house and his lady. . . . He entered the house swiftly and unseen, by way of the kitchen, and then along dim stone passages with patter of swift tick-tacking feet.

The hall was strangely dark as he entered it, and there was an unwonted stir of people, silent-footed as in church. At the bottom of the stairs was a drift of fair white flowers, piled deep, unfamiliar in that gaunt hall as a heap of lilies on a bleak hill-side; and dimly seen through the heart of them, a shining slab of oak.

Danny fled past.

Threading his way amid strange legs clothed in black and still smelling of the tailor's iron, he sped upstairs to the door of his lady.

It was shut. He called to her through the crack at the bottom, low and very tenderly as was his way, and waited for the sound of skipping

feet, the little laughter, and flash of half-hidden ankles as of old when she came to admit him of mornings, home from his foray with Robin in the dew.

In a passion of expectation he waited, watching the crack with burning eyes; now thrusting at the door with impatient paw, now crying a soft call, now taking a little eager turn down the passage as though to seek help, returning again to snuffle, shiver, and cry to her to come.

She did not come, and at last he lay down to wait, crouching close, lest there, in the house of his enemy, he should be seen.

Then a far door opened.

Down the passage came his enemy like an old blind giant tramping in his sleep, and stumbled against the watchman at the door.

He looked down with eyes that did not see.

"Eh?" he said. "Eh?" as one lost in a mist.

"It is Danny, sir," sniffled the Woman at his heels.

The Laird opened the door without a word. Danny shot in. With a little glad cry he leaped upon the bed; and then he knew.

Back he came with a fury of onslaught.

Too late.

The door was shut.

In the dusk of the evening the Laird entered Missie's room.

Danny lay at the foot of the white bed—a sea-gray patch with lion eyes; and clutched covetously beneath his chin a silver slipper. . . .

ALFRED OLLIVANT

Danny

(Revised Edition, George Allen & Unwin,
1919)

Dogs in the Great War

THE messenger-dog came very much to the front, and has come to stay in modern warfare. . . . At first there were many sceptics, but as the barrage form of attack became part of the army system, the casualties among runners increased at a terrible rate. Could the dogs take their place? Would they face shell-fire? Could they be depended on? These questions came to be answered in the affirmative.

Yes! They did their duty nobly, passing rapidly through the danger areas and often over land surface impossible of traverse by man, and thus saved countless lives—not only the lives of runners, but also those of individual units whose urgent messages they carried.

One of the chief advantages of employing dogs is that it saves man-power. One dog can guard a situation and give the alarm that six men would be required to watch. As messengers, the dog from its low position is less exposed to

danger than a man. A dog can often carry a communication safely over a position where a man would be instantly shot down. . . .

DESPATCH REFERRING TO COL. RICHARDSON'S
WAR DOGS

" In continuation of my letter, No. 549, dated on 7th inst., during the operations against Wytschaete Ridge, two messenger dogs attached to this brigade were sent forward at 1 a.m. . . . After being led up through communication trenches during darkness they went forward as soon as the attack was launched, passing through the smoke barrage. . . . Both dogs reached brigade headquarters, travelling a distance, as the crow flies of 4000 yards, over ground they had never seen before, and over an exceptionally difficult terrain. The dog dispatched at 12.45 p.m. reached his destination under the hour, bringing in an important message, and this was the first message which was received, all visual communication having failed."

Signed, D.C., 56th Brigade, R.F.A.

In one Division on certain days there was no communication by telephone as they suspected the enemy of tapping the wire with some instrument, and dogs did the running, which was usually a list of requirements to be taken up at dark, as no one was allowed to travel during daylight.

At different times our officers had silent days, when no wires were used, only runners and dogs. Of course the dogs beat the runners every time, and never made one mistake. It was a very unhealthy spot—a lot of shelling. Poor “Maggie” was shell-shocked. I buried her in a little hut I used to keep her in . . .

KEEPER OSBOURNE’S STATEMENT

You will be highly gratified to learn that little Jim, by his excellent services and consistency, has justly earned our C.O.’s commendation, who thinks he is easily the finest dog we have in France. . . .

While in the recent offensive in Belgium he carried important despatches in wonderful quick time, and it is certain no one else could have delivered such despatches under such terrific and heavy shell-fire without meeting with bodily harm. At present we are on a much more quiet part of the front where long distances of trenches have to be traversed, and invariably little Jim covers the distance of approximately four kilos in the very good time of fifteen minutes. . . .

On another occasion, while in the first line trenches, little Jim was instrumental in first giving the warning of gas, due, no doubt, to his highly sensitive nose, thereupon he was immediately released with the warning to Headquarters, arriving there a little more than three-quarters of an hour earlier than the warning

given by wire. His worth is beyond value, and his services beyond praise, and I feel honoured to take care of such a very serviceable animal.

At such times when gas is about I have to see to the putting of Jimmy's head in a man's P.H. Smoke Helmet, and I should be greatly pleased if you could inform me where to secure a mask for his proper protection, as, of course, a P.H. Helmet is made solely for the requirements of man, and does not adequately safeguard a dog. (Jim was a cross between a retriever and a spaniel; his speed was three or four times that of a runner.)

.

Another Australian officer told me that one of the sights that impressed him most was his first sight of a messenger-dog. He saw it first coming from the direction of the front-line trenches—a little Welsh terrier. The ground it was going over was in a terrible condition, and was absolutely water-logged. The little creature was running along, hopping, jumping, and plunging, and with the most obvious concentration of purpose. He could not imagine what it was doing until it came near and he saw the message-carrier on its neck. As the dog sped past he noticed the earnest expression in its face. . . .

E. H. RICHARDSON
British War Dogs
(Skeffington)

To a Bull Dog

(W. H. S., Captain [Acting Major], R.F.A. ; killed,
April 12, 1917.)

WE shan't see Willie any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more :
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there was his
cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said, "Hullo, you bad dog," and you
crouched to the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak.

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his
coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
The three of us just as of old,
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where years ago,
Before the old life stopped,
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe,
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped.

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,
Glad to find them all still the same,
And opening the cupboards to look at his
belongings
. . . Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
That the last time we waved him away
Willy went for good.

But sometimes as you lie on the hearthrug
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
Even through your muddled old canine brain
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
How we brought home a silly little pup,
With a big square head and little crooked legs
That could scarcely bear him up.

But your tail will tap at the memory
Of a man whose friend you were,
Who was always kind though he called you a
naughty dog
When he found you on his chair ;

Who'd make you face a reproving finger
And solemnly lecture you
Till your head hung downwards and you looked
very sheepish :
And you'll dream of your triumphs too,

Of summer evening chases in the garden
When you dodged us all about with a bone :
We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,
But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,
And the long sunsets fade,
We shall have to go on playing the feeble game
for two
That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street

Nor in any crowd ; yet, strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said " Where's Willy ? "
You would quiver and lift your head.

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I was
serious,
And wait for the word to spring.
Sleep undisturbed : I shan't say *that* again,
You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
While you lie asleep on the floor ;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream
of,
And he won't be coming here any more.

J. C. SQUIRE
(Hodder & Stoughton)

The Turkish Trench Dog

NIGHT held me as I crawled and scrambled
near

The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars
Silvered the curving parapet, and clear
Cloud-latticed beams o'erflecked the land with
bars ;

I, crouching, lay between
Tense-listening armies peering through the night,
Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen.

Here in dim-shadowed light

I saw him, as a sudden movement turned
His eyes towards me, glowing eyes that burned
A moment ere his snuffing muzzle found
My trail ; and then as serpents mesmerize
He chained me with these unrelenting eyes,
That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound
In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws
And soft approaching pitter-patter paws.

Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept—

That moment had my swift revolver leapt—
But terror seized me, terror born of shame
Brought flooding revelation. For he came
As one who offers comradeship deserved,
An open alley of the human race,
And sniffing at my prostrate form unnerved
He licked my face !

GEOFFREY DEARMER
(Heinemann)

My Dog

NOW you are dead, my faithful dog, my
humble friend,
Dead of the death that like a wasp you fled,
When under the table you would hide. Your
head
Was turned to me in the brief and bitter end.

O mate of man ! Blest being ! You that shared
Your master's hunger and his meals as well ! . . .
You that in days of old, in pilgrimage fared
With young Tobias and the angel Raphael. . . .

Servant that loved me with a love intense,
As saints love God, my great exemplar be ! . . .
The mystery of your deep intelligence
Dwells in a guiltless, glad eternity.

Dear Lord ! If you should grant me by Your
grace

To see You face to face in Heaven, O then

Grant that a poor dog look into the face

Of him who was his god here among men ! . . .

FRANCIS JAMMES

Translated by JETHRO BITHELL

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L. M.

